

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

JANUARY 26, 1962

THREE-WAY WAR IN ALGERIA

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

AL-GÉRIE
FRANCO-ALGÉRIENNE

Boris Chapiro



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VOL. LXXIX NO. 4

GRASP A THISTLE FIRMLY: Hesitate, touch it timidly, a thistle stings. But grasp it firmly, its spines crumble harmlessly in your hand. So, in life. Each of us must bear one burden or another. But face the problem boldly...come to grips. And, strangely, the thorns that might have hurt lose their power to sting. ■ *After World War II, Eastern Metropolitan areas faced the problem of rising cost of manufactured gas and the pressing need for additional supplies. Our company was the first to bring these great urban centers lower-cost natural gas by pipeline from Gulf Coast fields. Today we operate a 13,000-mile system serving 24 states.*



TENNESSEE GAS TRANSMISSION COMPANY

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Why the Buick Special is not a "Compact"

In the past two years there has been a certain amount of puzzlement and confusion as to just exactly what is a "compact" car and what is not.

Here's how we see it at Buick.

A "compact" car is one designed and built with size uppermost in mind—specifically a smaller size. And there are some nice little cars of this type.

A Buick Special, on the other hand, is a car designed and built with certain quality and performance characteristics uppermost in mind. We set out to build a car with a special kind of usefulness in what you might call a "happy-medium" size.

Now when you start from this point of view, certain things follow automatically. For instance:

Your new car must have its power plants and its transmission designed and built *for this car alone*.

That's why the Buick Special has two of the most modern engines in America. The all-aluminum V-8 and the history-making new V-6 just introduced in the 1962 Buick Special.

Both these engines have created a tremendous stir in automotive circles. One famous racing mechanic who is adapting the aluminum V-8 to high-speed cars said recently: "This is going to catch on and skyrocket." He's right.

The Buick Special is not a little car. It has an over-all length of 188.5 inches. It's a full-grown car for full-grown passengers who like leg room and long distance comfort. No, the Special is *not* a compact—it's a Buick, through and through.

The difference is most striking in one spot—right behind the wheel. Your nearest Buick Dealer will be happy to put you there.

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

1962 BUICK

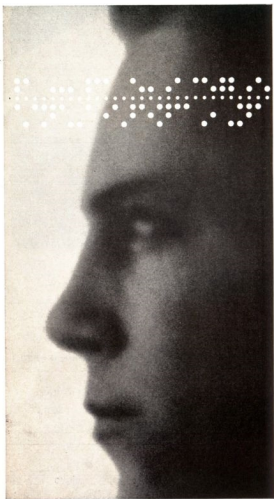
WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



UNIQUE You are looking at the business end of the first remote-control banking system of its kind. Here closed circuit television, high-fidelity voice communication, and a pneumatic tube system combine to let drive-in customers see, talk to, and transact business with, tellers in a bank located a quarter of a mile away. This new cost-reducing installation, engineered and installed by ITT companies in cooperation with The Mosler Safe Company, is one example of ITT's unique flair for bringing telecommunications and electronics to the solution of practical business problems.

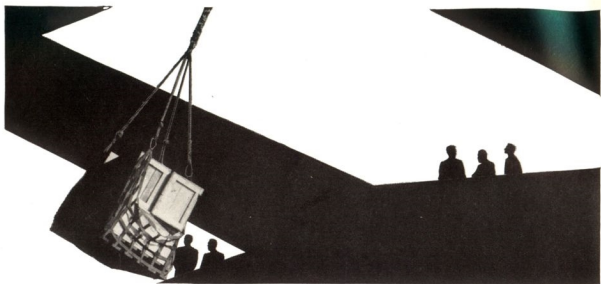


UNIVERSAL ITT System companies are at home in 30 countries in every quarter of the free world. More important, the skills, experience and special knowledge of ITT scientists and engineers in North and South America, Europe and the Far East are pooled for the benefit of ITT customers. This international interchange of ideas and talent is a continuous process. It has proved invaluable in helping ITT customers everywhere to expand and update their operations both at home and abroad.



UNDERSTANDING Taking the broad view—understanding a customer's total needs and creating flexible systems to serve both present and future requirements—is the business of ITT. Another facet of ITT understanding: doing the whole job. Conception. Research and development. Manufacture. Installation and maintenance. This kind of ITT understanding has sired a host of unique developments in telecommunications, from tiny individual components to vast global communications networks. / Our monogram, ITT, stands for International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation. Our home office: the ITT Building, 320 Park Avenue, New York 22, New York.

ITT



EXPORT: A WORLD OF OPPORTUNITY

The spreading wave of industrialization around the world has given many countries a rate of economic growth greater than that of the United States. Resulting prosperity and rising income have created a demand for almost every category of merchandise.

Celanese has found literally a world of opportunity in this situation for the export of its chemical, plastic and fiber products. In 1951, export constituted approximately four per cent of total Celanese sales. By 1961 that figure was about ten per cent, representing a four-fold growth in export business.

In our view, the first condition of success is to treat export markets as an important business in itself—not an outlet for excess domestic production. We believe serving foreign markets requires the same technical skill, the same long range planning, the same first rate personnel as any other business. And it needs an even better communication system.

To service these markets on a sound, permanent basis, Amcel Co., Inc. and Pan Amcel Co., Inc. were established six years ago as export affiliates of Celanese Corporation

of America. Based in New York, Amcel and Pan Amcel are represented in 59 countries by more than 100 agents and distributors.

Both Companies provide their sales representatives with experienced technical assistance in the application of Celanese materials to customers' manufacturing problems. They are further supported by the research facilities of other Celanese Divisions.

Moreover, while each market has its own unique characteristics, an amazing number of American merchandising and marketing techniques are found to be effective.

An aggressive export program based on awareness of the requirements of the importing countries is in the best interests of the United States, in that such a program strengthens this country's ties with allied and uncommitted nations.

It is also an increasingly important contributor to corporate profit. Celanese Corporation of America, 522 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N.Y.

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Bottle Hot 'n Cold

OASIS

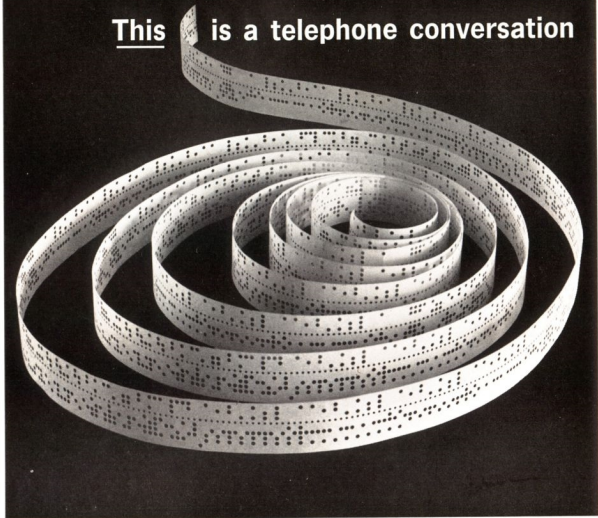
WATER COOLERS

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FREE—100 servings of assorted instant beverages, plus 100 cups and spoons—if you order your Oasis Hot 'n Cold before May 31, 1962. Mail coupon.

This is a telephone conversation



Not "people talk," of course. It's "machine talk"—made possible by Bell System DATA-PHONE service.

This new service gives business machines a "voice." It converts machine data (like that on the tape) into a *tone language* which is sent over telephone lines, then is reconverted instantly into its original form at the receiving end.

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What's more, DATA-PHONE service enables you to send business data over regular telephone lines at *regular telephone rates*.

This dramatic, new service is saving time and cutting costs for companies all over the country. *Could it do as much for your firm?* Talk with one of our Communications Consultants and find out. Just call your Bell Telephone Business Office and ask for him.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LETTERS

The New Ambassadors

Sir:
I have just read with interest your cover story [Jan. 12] on Ambassadors Reischauer, Kennan and Galbraith. If all our ambassadors were of this caliber, "the ugly American" image could be permitted to die an unattended death.

MICHAEL DIVELY

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir:
Obviously Mr. Kennan is convicted of softheadedness when he says he would never play politics with Yugoslav stomachs. A pragmatic ambassador at Belgrade could find no better weapon for playing cold war politics than Yugoslav stomachs.

L. K. FRANK

Grove City, Pa.

Sir:
When Ambassador Kennan thought that his personality and techniques were reshaping Tito's thinking, his misconception and naïveté proved that the name given to all American ambassadors in Communist countries—"The Suckers"—was correct.

I would welcome a Secretary of State who would be bold enough to fire most of the State Department personnel, hire new faces, and thus stop losing battle after battle with the Communists!

JOHN D. SAVICH

Chicago

Sir:
You describe Ambassador Galbraith as relaxing in a "lazy W" position. Like many Galbraith postures, this looks fine on paper but it cannot be done. I have been folding myself all day and can only achieve an N.

JOANN L. DUSENBURY

South Euclid, Ohio

Sir:
In your article on the ambassadors, the "Press Circular" instructing American representatives abroad to use "the simple costume of an American citizen" was not decreed by Andrew Jackson in 1853 (he died in 1845) but by William Marcy, Secretary of State to Franklin Pierce.

In London, James Buchanan wore a dress sword to avoid being confused with the servants.

(THE REV.) STAFFORD POOLE, C.M.
Cardinal Glennon College
St. Louis

Up in the Air

Sir:
As a small part of the NORAD team [Jan. 12], I would like to congratulate you on an uncomplicated presentation of a vital complex system. I feel certain that you have done much to tone down the screams of many taxpayers wondering where and how their dollars are being spent in the field of national defense.

(A/2C) V. M. DOUGHERTY
U.S.A.F.

20th Air Division (SAGE)
Grandview, Mo.

Sir:
Since I am convinced that the earth is round, I hate to think that Russia might get an idea to "knock" on the back door of NORAD via the South Pole. Did not the Germans once bypass the famous Maginot line?

DAVID HSIAO

Syracuse, N.Y.

Sir:
I hardly expected to see the Russian bear on NORAD's plotting board—but there it is. Is it Russophobia or am I ready for Picasso?

LEWIS D. KELLOGG

New Orleans



DETAIL FROM NORAD PLOTTING BOARD

► You are seeing Red in Greenland.—Ed.

Diverse Means to an End

Sir:
The several civil rights organizations are not confused, as the title of your article ["Confused Crusade"—Jan. 12] implies, but rather they represent diverse means of attaining the same goal: full freedom for all Americans.

Just as Americans differ in approach to all the nation's problems, so Negroes of different ages and temperaments use a variety of means to achieve full citizenship. It is inevitable that one generation's "Reverend Leader" will become another generation's "Uncle Tom"—sometimes justly, sometimes not.

The significant fact about today's civil rights groups is that collectively they are stronger than ever before. With today's increasing emphasis on direct action by youth, civil rights groups are better equipped to defeat the opponents of a democratic America, whether those opponents are Russian Communists or Mississippi racists.

EDWARD OPTON JR.
President

North Carolina Conference of Youth and
College Chapters, N.A.A.C.P.

Duke University
Durham, N.C.

Sir:
Snick [Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee] is the agent that the N.A.A.C.P. needs to show the public that the Negro will fight for his rights, even if that should mean personal sacrifice. The responsibility of using this great tool rests in the hands of the growing number of capable college graduates.

PAUL PETRAITIS

Park Ridge, Ill.

Don't Shoot!

Sir:
Your keen and entertaining account of the "Rarae Aves" [Jan. 12] was faithful to the facts except for leaving the impression that the fowling piece is standard equipment for the Christmas bird census. We hope and trust the Cape Cod party described by your reporter was the only one carrying a gun. Some professional ornithologists hold Government licenses to do "scientific collecting"

for valid research purposes, but collecting is not advocated in the Christmas count. Our rules require sight records only.

Oldtime ornithologists shot birds to identify them and not always for scientific purposes. The modern school relies on superior knowledge of field marks, binoculars or spotting scope and/or camera. There may still exist a few of the oldtimers who would collect the last ivory-billed woodpecker "for the record" or to possess a personal trophy, but fortunately they are becoming almost as rare as the ivorybill itself. No birder, professional or otherwise, guns down an endangered species with the approval of the National Audubon Society.

CARL W. BUCHHEISTER
President

National Audubon Society
New York City

► Thirty-four amateur ornithologists held Massachusetts permits last year allowing them to kill protected birds. Says TIME's Boston birdcatcher: "Although birders in Massachusetts now rely more on clever color-camera work to get needed specimens, still they do (gasp) shoot birds at times."—Ed.

Mario & Max

SIR:
YOUR REFERENCE THAT MY SISTER MARIA AND I ARE UNFRIENDLY [JAN. 19] IS ERRONEOUS. MY RELATIONSHIP WITH HER, AS I TOLD YOUR CORRESPONDENT, IS VERY CLOSE.

MAXIMILIAN SCHELL

NEW YORK CITY

The French Paragraph

Sir:
The article "Star Paragrapher" [Jan. 5] is delightful. I am sure paragraphing gained impetus with the writings of François de La Rochefoucauld (1613-80), the French aphorist. Sample:

"It is as easy to deceive ourselves without knowing it as it is hard to deceive others without their finding it out."

GEORGE E. TALMAGE

Indianapolis

► La Rochefoucauld, from one of the noblest families in France, viewed mankind with a jaded eye, wrote paragraphs that were as pungently Gallic as Vaughn's are All-American. Another La Rochefoucauld sample: There are few good women who do not tire of their role.—Ed.

The Elusive McCoy

Sir:
In a footnote to the Giesler obituary [Jan. 12] you imply that the "real McCoy" was a fighter. Back when liquor was illegal, and booze was more commonly found in bathtubs than in the bottle, there was a man by name of McCoy who became a famous rum-runner off Long Island. He dealt only with the finest-quality whiskey, which he imported, and would never water or tamper with it. His bootlegged products became known as "the real McCoy," thereby adding an expression to the American language.

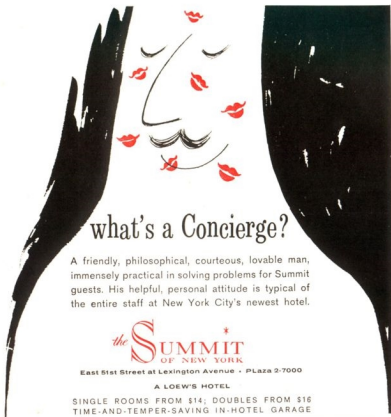
DIANE JUDGE

New York City

► Experts have never agreed on which story is the "real McCoy." There are many versions, including a ballad of the 1870s about the Irishwoman who beat up her husband to prove that she was the "real McCoy."—Ed.

Madame Protests

Sir:
Your recent article about me [Dec. 12] needs a reply.
1) I am not a feminist, if this means advocating a new social imbalance favoring wom-



what's a Concierge?

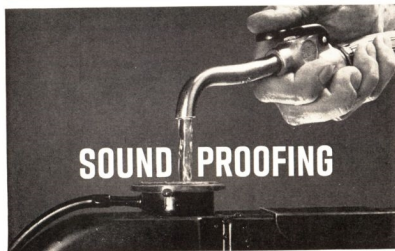
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SOUND PROOFING

WATER: one of the Big Differences between the New 1962 Simca '5' and a good, noisy economy car.

Simca is a good car. And quiet. How come other good economy cars are not as quiet?

The difference: Every time a spark plug fires in an air-cooled engine, only a thin wall of metal stands between you and the combustion. In a water-cooled engine (Simca '5'), a thick wall of water surrounds the cylinders and literally drowns out the sound.

The new 5-bearing crankshaft virtually eliminates vibration, though Simca's horsepower is now 65—30% higher. And Simca's \$1650 list price, P.O.E. East and Gulf Coasts, includes everything from heater and windshield washers to suggested dealer prep and conditioning costs. Only destination charges, local taxes and license fees are extra.



SIMCA '5'
with exclusive
5-bearing crankshaft

en this time. If ever Viet Nam adopts a "chastity law," I shall urge that it be applied equally to all citizens.

2) Why is "guidance" of the press by the Information Directorate a subject for sarcasm in the case of Viet Nam any more than in any other country?

Why are our newspapers recognized as free only when they criticize the Vietnamese government? And why suddenly "subject to the Information Directorate" when they dare to riposte to the foreign press? Should the Vietnamese press travel freely only on a one-way street?

Why not admit that our newsmen may reject as ordinary Vietnamese citizens weary of bearing alone the sufferings of the common fight against international Communism, while most of their foreign colleagues, though allies, preach at them, provoking division in their ranks, when not ingeniously shooting at their backs, finally treating their country considerably less well than they treat some Communist countries.

3) With regard to the press of the free world, I pointed out a problem which appears to me apparent and fundamental: the integration of the Communist line into our information system. Ignoring Communist propaganda while the Communists' international propaganda network wages the war for men's minds with noticeable success, the press of the free world (which could surely be as effective if it concerted on a strategy and faced the fight in unified order) confuses the battle, maneuvering so blindly that it shoots at allies before hitting the enemy.

These tactics, which may in other times have been the expression of freedom, have, since the advent of Communism, become dangerous and even fatal to liberty itself.

Moreover, does not liberty take the form of injustice when it is applied irrationally, ignoring realities, the most striking and massive of which is the Communist reality?

This is all I meant when I mentioned the necessity to face this reality and include it within our journalistic perspectives.

The rest is polemics.

MADAME NGO DINH NHU
Deputy to the National Assembly
Republic of Viet Nam

Saigon

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THE NEW LOOK OF STEREO



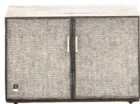
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Audio Products Department, Decatur, Illinois



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Bernard M. Auer

THE man on this week's cover is an outlaw, condemned to death *in absentia* by France. It is no light matter for TIME to give General Salan's face such prominence.

In recent weeks, CBS has got into difficulties with French authorities for showing a TV interview with Salan in his Algerian hideout, and an NBC reporter has not been allowed back into France because of a talk on France he gave while home in the States.

A country or a regime that feels itself in extreme danger may not be much moved by the argument that we often put on TIME's cover people whose policies or actions we have no sympathy with, as when we show China's Mao or East Germany's Ulbricht. Notoriety and evil, or even misguided passion, shape events and make news, just as achievement does. And it is our business to report the news, sometimes at the moment most inconvenient to the participants. Misunderstandings, resentments and injured feelings over what we publish arise constantly, usually in nations with less of a tradition of liberty than France.

TIME of course is not on the newsstands in Communist countries, though a number of copies go to top officials, curious, we suppose, about what's going on in the world, or at least what a Western journal says is going on in the world. Though there is no official ban on us in Cuba, distributors are afraid to handle TIME there for fear of trouble. In the past year, nine

issues of *THIRTEEN* have been confiscated in the Dominican Republic (about as many under Ramfis Trujillo as under his assassinated father). We are currently banned in Spain and Portugal and their colonies, and in Indonesia too. We have run into trouble in the past year in Laos, Iran, and Jordan for stories that displeased the censors. In Ghana, a local distributor, on his own initiative, prudently burned all copies of one issue that reprinted a cartoon from the Manchester *Guardian* showing Nkrumah gagging the press. In Arab countries, censors sometimes wield their scissors as if they were scimitars. Saudi Arabia, Egypt, Syria and Libya have confiscated or cut pages out of issues in recent months, and in Iraq the censor has objected to stories about Middle Eastern politics, to cartoons, to a classically painted nude, and to stories, and even an ad, about Israel.

We think this is an instructive list. During this same period we have on occasion said things as harsh or harsher about political figures or government policies in Britain, France, West Germany, Italy, Canada, Brazil, Japan, Belgium, Australia, Mexico (among many others) without being censored. And there are those who might argue that political figures in the U.S. are often the most unhappy of all about what we say about them. In the end we (and other journalists) count on the reliability of our reporting and the responsibility of our writing to make our case as best we can.

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Just what is the "right size" car

You are hearing a lot of noise about the "right size."

How ridiculous can you get?

When you stop to think of it there is no such thing as the right size car for everybody any more than there is a right size shoe for everybody.

Chrysler Corporation offers six different makes of cars and a total of 84 body styles.

None is the right size, the right price, the right car for *everybody*.

Each is the right size, the right price, the right car for *somebody*.

Except for the sports jobs with bucket seats, *all* give you traditional six-passenger comfort.

All have what our engineers call "fat-free performance," which means a lot more action on a lot less gas.

All have the easy handling and riding qualities which get rave notices from the automotive writers.

All, in every price class, have something extra built into them which is the best way we know of to win new customers and sell more automobiles.

The right size is one thing. That depends naturally on the size of your family—and on whether this is to be your "main car" or a second car.

Other things you will naturally be interested in are these:

Are they easy to park?

Since Chrysler Corporation holds that you shouldn't have to struggle



every time you park the car, the 1962 line includes 51 models of 202 inches of overall length, or less. And while these cars are more *parkable*, they still offer full six-passenger comfort.

Who drives the car?

Do you drive it long distances in

business or for long vacation trips? Or is it to be used mainly by your wife for normal family errands, involving a lot of parking?

In either case Chrysler Corporation offers you in every price class a superlative road machine which rides and handles beautifully.

If it's to be used mainly for long

for you and your family?

trips you'll be interested in legroom. Did you know that the 1962 Plymouth, for example, gives front seat passengers *more legroom than the most expensive American cars*, excepting only our own Imperial?

If you're feeling bewitched, bothered, and bewildered by all the 288 different models of cars available







this year (not counting the foreign makes), here's how we can help you out.

To provide you with a quick and easy guide to selecting the "right car" for your family, your garage, and your pocketbook, we offer the following "Right-Car Chart" to better transportation.

Just see your dealer and tell him we sent you for a "try-it-for-size" drive, without obligation, of course.

Win a new car and other valuable prizes in Chrysler Corporation's *Treasure Hunt*. See your dealer for details, ends January 31, 1962.

Don't miss "The Broadway of Lerner and Loewe"—February 11 on NBC-TV

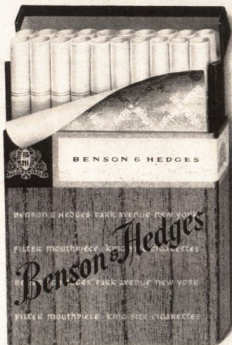
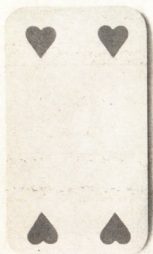
Right-Car Chart		NO. OF BODY STYLES	WHEEL BASE (INCHES)	OVERALL LENGTH (INCHES)	HEIGHT (INCHES)	WIDTH (INCHES)	STANDARD ENGINE	HORSEPOWER	COMPRESSION RATIO	TYPE OF FUEL	FUEL TANK CAPACITY (GAL.)	AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION	POWER STEERING & BRAKES	SEDANS	HARDTOPS	CONVERTIBLES	WAGONS	BUCKET SEATS	PRICES START AT
	VALIANT	7	106.5	184.2	52.7 53.4	70.4	6	101- 145	8.2:1	REG.	14	OPT.	OPT.	•	•	•	•	•	\$1930*
	PLYMOUTH	25	116	202- 210	53.7 54.5	75.6	6 or V8	145- 305	8.2:1 9:1	REG. OR PREM.	20- 21.5	OPT.	OPT.	•	•	•	•	•	\$2206*
	LANCER	7	106.5	188.8	52.7 53.4	72.3	6	101- 145	8.2:1	REG.	14	OPT.	OPT.	•	•	•	•	•	\$1951*
	DODGE DART	26	116	202- 205.9	53.7 54.5	76.5	6 or V8	145- 305	8.2:1 9:1	REG. OR PREM.	20- 21.5	OPT.	OPT.	•	•	•	•	•	\$2241*
	CHRYSLER	13	122- 126	214.9 220.4	55.2 56.1	79.4- 80	V8	265- 380	9:1 10.1:1	REG. OR PREM.	21- 23	OPT.	STD. AND OPT.	•	•	•	•	•	\$2964*
	IMPERIAL	6	129	227.1	56.8 58	81.7	V8	340	10.1:1	PREM.	23	STD.	STD.	•	•	•	•	•	\$4920*

*Manufacturer's Suggested Retail list price, exclusive of destination charges.

The people at Chrysler Corporation

Where engineering puts something extra into every car

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Our cards are on the table

With Benson & Hedges you pay more . . . you get more

You get the unique Benson & Hedges packet. The drawer slides open to deliver each cigarette in perfect shape, easily accessible. The imprinted wrap drops away, the packet becomes your personal case. The filter, recessed into a firm, clean mouthpiece, never touches your lips, never intrudes upon your enjoyment. You taste only the Benson & Hedges blend of superb tobaccos, skillfully cured and aged. If you appreciate quality, you will understand why this must be a limited edition.



THE NATION

THE ECONOMY

Big Numbers

It was a big week for dollars. For the dollar itself, the future was cloudy but not necessarily black.

All week long, in an even, managerial voice, the White House was issuing stupendous totals, equations and projections of dollars:

- In his budget message, John Kennedy made it official that he wants to spend 92.5 billion of them during the fiscal year beginning July 1—more than any other President before him in peacetime. He also expected that the U.S. Government would collect more of them—93 billion—than ever before. Congressmen and commentators agreed that the budget balance was “precarious”—which was not only a prudent acknowledgment that federal spending tends to exceed plans, but a succinct observation on the insignificance of nearly \$500 million.

- The President's revenue hopes were based on the estimates in his annual economic message, which followed the budget to Capitol Hill. The message, mainly the work of his Council of Economic Advisers, noted that the gross national product had risen from an annual rate of \$501 billion in 1961's first quarter to a record \$542 bil-

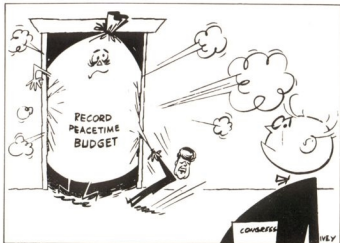


“BUT DEAR BOY! IT'S
SO, SO—DREADFULLY COMMON.”

lion in the fourth, predicted that it would hit \$570 billion for 1962 as a whole. “The gains already achieved have set the stage for further new records in output, employment, personal income and profits.” That the dollar might retain its buying power, the President urged restraint on management in its pricing policies, and

appealed to labor to take it easy in wage demands. Said he: “We must seek full recovery without endangering the price stability of the last four years. The experience of the past four years has shown that expansion without inflation is possible . . . with cooperation from labor and management.” (Almost as if in mocking answer, New York's master construction electricians won a five-hour work day at almost the same salary they made for working a six-hour day.) Kennedy made it clear that he intends his Administration to keep a close watch on the economy—and to act when necessary. “If private demand shows unexpected strength,” he said, “public policy must and will act to avert the dangers of rising prices. If demand falls short of current expectations, more expansionary policies must be pursued. In 1962, vigilance and flexibility must be the guardians of economic optimism.”

- Billions of dollars—and francs and marks and pounds—were also at stake in all the news of prospective tariff-cutting agreements between the U.S. and Europe's rapidly solidifying Common Market (see THE WORLD). Also from Washington came the substantive outline of a brand-new foreign trade program that, even more than this year's budget, could have a profound influence on U.S. economic life.



“I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE . . .”



“SEE? . . . IT BALANCES!”

THE BUDGET New Record, No Cheers

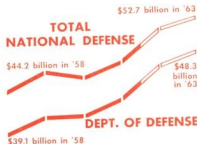
In 1,651 pages weighing 5 lbs. 5 oz., President Kennedy detailed the cost of Government right down to a crumbly \$5,000 for feeding migratory birds. His budget's "modest" surplus depended on



many ifs, ands and buts. Liberals might be miffed because it did not offer as much as they thought it should in the way of domestic panaceas. Conservatives could complain because it did not take the increased costs of defense out of welfare programming. It was a record-breaking budget calculated to elate no one and enrage no one.

The surplus in Kennedy's budget depends heavily on uncertain future events. As stressed later by the President's economic message, the slight surplus is based on predictions of continued economic progress and increasing tax revenues; the greater the income of individuals and corporations, the greater the Government tax take. The surplus is also predicated on expectations of increased postal rates and great good luck.

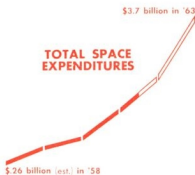
By far the biggest chunk of the budget is the \$52.7 billion consigned for national defense, a peacetime high:



Unlike the Eisenhower Administration, Kennedy stressed conventional military action as "far more likely" than atomic warfare, all but abandoned the traditional service-by-service approach to appropriations by emphasizing overall national defense objectives. Within that context, the President asked for 2,684,000 men under arms (nearly 200,000 more than Eisenhower last requested), including two new Army divisions, and for a general beefing up of conventional forces through better training and modernization of weapons and equipment.

But Kennedy did not neglect strategic nuclear deterrents. He called for a step-up in ballistic missile production, particularly of Atlas and Titan ICBMs; for funds to build twelve more Polaris submarines to be started in '63 and '64, bringing the planned total to 41; for a 1,200-plane operational force of transcontinental bombers (one-eighth of them on continuous airborne alert), and for a step-up in the production of nuclear weapons. He also requested \$700 million for civil defense, including a \$460 million program for shelter construction in community buildings. His entire 1963 defense budget assumes "that the special measures associated with [the Berlin] crisis will terminate at the beginning of that fiscal year"—an optimistic estimate that, if it proves wrong, could throw the whole budget out of kilter.

A significant increase in the Kennedy budget came in funds for space research and technology, which has grown so fast in four years that it now ranks as the fifth largest Government expense:

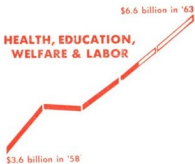


Half of Kennedy's \$2.4 billion for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration will be devoted to "the mastery of space symbolized by an attempt to send a man to the moon and back safely to earth" by 1970, particularly the development of a complex Apollo spacecraft to bear a three-man team. But Kennedy also plans to spend \$1.3 billion for space research and technology by the Defense Department, the Weather Bureau, the Atomic Energy Commission and other agencies.

President Kennedy proposed to spend more than \$4 billion for economic and military foreign aid. But Kennedy noted "a significant change" in the mix. Direct military aid has decreased as European countries have taken over the cost of their own armament, while considerably heavier emphasis has been placed on development aid to emerging and underdeveloped nations, largely in the form of loans geared to "self-help measures and necessary reforms in these countries." Kennedy asked for \$3 billion in aid for Latin America's Alliance for Progress over the next four years, recommended an initial U.S. contribution of \$600 million for 1963.

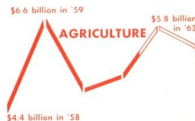
On the home front, to cover the New

Frontier's ambitious plans in the field of health, education, welfare and labor, Kennedy plans a substantial rise in expenditures over recent years:



The funds include more money for health research (the Government now supports three-fifths of the more than \$1 billion spent annually for this purpose), for federal grants to assist in construction of new medical schools and public health schools, and for substantial increases in a wide range of labor, manpower and welfare programs. The budget also provides money for starting a program of medical care for the aged under Social Security—a proposal that threatens to raise a bitter congressional fight. He asked for \$2.1 billion over three years for federal grants for teachers' salaries and educational facilities, \$50 million of which would be spent in the first year. He urged aid to higher education through construction and equipment loans to the tune of \$300 million each year, and \$40 million to improve educational quality and teacher training. He brought up again, but did not push very hard, the highly controversial program for aid to public (but not private and parochial) schools as part of his \$1.5 billion education budget, which, in all, would amount to \$327 million more than fiscal 1962.

Kennedy proposed some small relief from a national scandal by promising to send to Congress a new farm program that, if it is enacted and if it works, would reduce 1963 agricultural expenditures by \$434 million to \$5.8 billion:



Four-fifths of all expenditures for agriculture, the third largest item in the budget (after defense and interest on the national debt), go for programs designed to handle the food surplus problem. By cutting agricultural expenditures, Kennedy hopes to help pay for other "important

proposals to strengthen our national economy and society."

In other areas, Kennedy asked for more funds to help regions of chronic unemployment make a comeback, higher benefit rates for disabled veterans, salary raises for postal and other Government workers, and \$2.3 billion for natural resources, including the development of water resources and land reclamation. "The budget represents," said Kennedy, "a blending of many considerations which affect our national welfare. Choices among the conflicting claims on our resources have necessarily been heavily influenced by international developments that continue to threaten world peace."

FOREIGN TRADE

Toward New Horizons

Franklin Roosevelt was in the White House and the U.S. was deep in the Depression when, in 1934, Congress passed the reciprocal Trade Agreements Act. Aimed at increasing U.S. exports, the bill authorized the President to enter into bilateral tariff-cutting compacts with foreign nations. Since then, Congress has repeatedly extended the life of the act, and in 1958 it gave the President the power to chop tariffs, under certain conditions, by as much as 20%.

Last week, acting under the 1958 authority, the U.S. reached tentative agreement with the six-nation European Economic Community on a series of joint tariff reductions. The Common Market pledged itself to tariff concessions on U.S. agricultural exports (including cotton, soybeans, skins and hides), which last year had a value of \$600 million to \$700 million. On several industrial products, the cuts would be the full 20% permissible under U.S. law. On automobiles, the Europeans would lower their average common tariff from 29% to 22%, while the U.S. would decrease its auto duties from 8.5% to 6.5%. For the U.S. consumer, this could eventually cut the cost of a foreign car by \$20 to \$50.

Chief Aim. But to President Kennedy, the existing reciprocal trade law, which this year comes up again for extension by Congress, does not nearly meet the challenges of international economic life in 1962 and the years ahead. Far from seeking merely to extend the law, he has made its sweeping revision the chief aim of his second year as President.

Many of the specific details of the President's program are still being worked out or held secret. But in its broad outlines, the plan envisions presidential power to negotiate the complete elimination of tariffs on a long list of major industrial products traded between the U.S. and the Common Market nations. These would almost certainly include electrical machinery, rubber goods, automobiles and iron and steel products. On most of these items the U.S. tariff now is lower than the European; for example, the U.S. duty on iron and steel products is 8%, while the Europeans charge an average 10%. Presi-

dent Kennedy will also seek authority to cut tariffs by 50% on products not included on the select list.

Drastic Changes. To support his proposed new tariff-cutting powers, the President will urgently ask Congress to make drastic changes in the so-called "peril point" and "escape clause" provisions of the present U.S. trade law.

The peril point clause requires the President to submit to the Tariff Commission a confidential list of all items on which he proposes to cut tariffs. The commission* then suggests the lowest tariffs it considers possible on each item without imperiling domestic industries. The President is not bound by the commission's recommendations, but if he disregards them he must make lengthy explanations to Congress. In practice, the process is so complex that only on rare occasions have the peril point findings of the Tariff Commission been overruled.

Under the escape clause, any industry can complain to the Tariff Commission that it is being hurt by imports. The commission can then recommend to the President that the tariff be raised. Presidents have obediently raised tariffs 13 times, turned down the commission's advice 23 times. By law, the President's refusal to raise a tariff can be overridden by a two-thirds vote of the Congress, but this has never happened, since no industry has ever been able to raise such support on Capitol Hill.

To free the President's hands, the Administration's new program would, in effect, make the Tariff Commission a mere fact-finding body. The commission's findings would not bind the President in any way, and he would not be accountable to anyone for the use he makes of the information given him by the commission.

The Kennedy Administration recognizes that some segments of U.S. industry will inevitably be harmed if the new program is enacted. To put them back on their feet, the Administration will propose tax relief and, if necessary, a program for retraining workers. But the President's economic advisers point out that imports compete with only a tiny fraction of U.S. industry; current competitive imports, valued at \$5 billion, amount to about 1% of total U.S. production. And the Administration is sure that in the long run the economic growth inspired by lower tariffs here and abroad will more than take care of the domestic dislocations.

THE PRESIDENCY

Jackie, Igor & Pierre

For John Kennedy, the week was something of a grind. There were the big statistical messages (see above), his first press conference in six weeks, a speech to Democratic fund raisers in Washington's National Guard Armory, a flying trip to

* Established by Congress in 1916, the six-man Tariff Commission is bipartisan by law. Appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, the members serve terms of six years.

Manhattan to see Acting United Nations Secretary-General U Thant. He did get to see Broadway's top musical *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*, but otherwise he left the gracious life in the capable hands of his capable wife, Jackie Kennedy.

Proud of her tasteful changes in the White House decor, Jackie led a 45-man CBS crew (tailed by two tons of electronic equipment) through a day-long White House exploration; filmed last week, the guided tour will be presented on television next month. With a tiny microphone and transmitter hidden under her blouse, Jackie commented on everything from the curator's basement headquarters to the Lincoln Bedroom upstairs. So skilled was her performance that only one retake



THE FIRST LADY ON TOUR
Salinger now playing for Stravinsky.

was ordered—and that simply because one of the television cameras had gone out of whack.

Later in the week, Jackie let reporters and still photographers in for their first look at how she has redone the regal Red Room, long used for receptions before state dinners and now used mainly for ladies' teas. Its walls and silk draperies are a bright magenta trimmed in gold, setting off the portraits of eleven past U.S. Presidents. Thomas Jefferson has the place of honor over the mantel, taking the place of Mrs. Calvin Coolidge and her pet collie.

Three times during the week, Jackie fled to Glen Ora in the Virginia countryside, where she rode to the hounds on a brown and white horse named Rufus. The hounds found no foxes, managed only to

scatter a few deer. Then, turning from riding breeches to a white satin sheath skirt, a black overblouse and diamond earrings, Jackie was hostess at another of the White House parties she has initiated for performers of the fine arts. The guest of honor: famed Composer and occasional Pianist Igor Stravinsky, 79, a native of Russia who has been a U.S. citizen since 1946. The guests, including New York Philharmonic Conductor Leonard Bernstein, Chicago Merchant and Publisher Marshall Field Jr., and Jackie's sister Princess Radziwill, met in the Kennedys' private apartment for dinner and cocktails. Said the President to Stravinsky: "You have been through many sticks in your life. People have thrown sticks and tomatoes at you. Now you are here, and we are delighted to have you. You have enriched the world."

Wearily from Washington rehearsals of his opera *Oedipus Rex*, Stravinsky excused himself at 11 p.m. In an evening devoted to music, no one had performed, so the First Lady pointed her baton to a pianist-gone-wrong, Presidential Press Secretary Pierre Salinger. Salinger, who at one time was considered a sort of musical prodigy, obligingly sat at the piano, ripped off a composition he had written himself at 15.

ARMED FORCES

Reducing Army Empires

When the brisk new Defense Secretary took over his outer-ring Pentagon office last year, he soon decided that the service most in need of reform was the U.S. Army. Robert McNamara was especially exasperated by the Army's seven technical services (ordnance, quartermaster, engineers, signal, chemical, medical and transportation), which over the decades had grown into tight little empires with their own budgets, overlapping research programs—and, all too often, conflicting aims. Last week, firmly prodded by McNamara, the Army proposed a plan that could streamline the tech services and thereby modernize the basic structure of the entire Army.

The proposal would create a Materiel Development and Logistic Command, bossed by a four-star general, which would centralize all the procurement, logistics, and research and development programs now operated by each tech service. A new Office of Personnel Operations would take over the assignment and career planning of nearly all officers and enlisted men, functions that the tech services now claim separately for themselves. A Combat Developments Command

would be established to develop the doctrines for a versatile modern Army able to fight jungle actions against guerrillas or nuclear battles on fields covering hundreds of miles. After the reform, the Army would resemble the Air Force in its organizational structure.

Predictably, some of the current tech service chiefs are unhappy about the threat to their fiefdoms. But the initial reaction of Congress was favorable to the scheme, which also has the wholehearted blessing of Commander in Chief John Kennedy. Under terms of the Defense Reorganization Act of 1958, the proposal will go into effect automatically if it is not disapproved by the Armed Services Committees of the House and the Senate within 30 days. Even if one or both of the committees do reject the plan, it will still become effective if the House and Senate do not second the veto within 40 days.

The revision of the tech services is only the beginning of the reforms Defense Secretary McNamara has planned for the Army. McNamara was shocked to find the Army's reserves in poor shape when recalled to active duty last year as part of the Berlin buildup. He is now working on a plan to create a few combat-ready, top-priority reserve divisions and units that would be kept fully manned, fully trained and fully equipped. To accomplish this, McNamara is more than willing to let the remaining reserves lapse into a lesser state of readiness.

THE WHITE HOUSE SYNTAX PROBLEM



Dwight Eisenhower was the first President to allow verbatim quotation of his press conferences, and got an eight-year kidding for his sprawling syntax. Now it turns out that John Kennedy can also forget just where and how a sentence got started. In fact, it is a little hard to guess which President said what.²



1) "In answer to your first question, the reason I am answering it with some question is the 'ties' at the present time, as you know, that East Germans and West Germans negotiate with regard to trade. So we have to decide—and those negotiations may continue and we will have a clearer idea of what form they will take if we get into a negotiation."

2) "At least this was my whole attitude toward disarmament, still is, and this inspection is only one of the fringe subjects—I mean the nuclear tests—the fringe subjects on the whole field of disarmament. So, I think there has been no basic difference, except to this extent: that if we could go so far in setting up these reciprocal intelligence—not intelligence, inspectional—systems, that underneath the so-called threshold we could certainly have a continuation of a moratorium that would permit opportunity for a joint or coordinated study and program for permanent elimination of those tests."

3) "I have not had an official or exhaustive poll made of this thing, but my mail shows that; except for a number of people come in and they have a particular excise tax, but it is always applying to the particular business in which they are engaged. That seems to be a favorite point in the correspondence that comes to me, but I notice this: it's that particular tax, and they want to show how we can keep all the others off the books."

4) "We're talking about \$2 billion a year which we are now, I think that we—I'm hopeful that we can use our productive power well in this field. But I think the question of the balance and I think that [the Presidential Assistant] and [the Secretary of Agriculture] in my judgment will be in balance by the time they go before the Congress."

Jan. 15, 1962.
Eisenhower, April 9, 1955; 4) Kennedy, 1961; 2) Eisenhower, March 30, 1962; 3) Kennedy, Nov. 29.

THE CABINET

Top to Bottom

One year in office, John F. Kennedy's Cabinet has shaken down in an interesting pattern. In performance and prestige, its members fell into three groups. From top to bottom:

Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara stands as the strong man of the Kennedy Cabinet. His presence is emphatically felt by the Pentagon braid; his computing-machine efficiency has won the President's high admiration.

Treasury Secretary C. Douglas Dillon scores impressively for non-nonsense administration of his department, for a clear-eyed approach to such sticky problems as the gold flow, foreign aid, and tariff reduction; the new balanced budget gives Dillon another boost. He and Kennedy both cherish his Republicanism.

Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy remains his big brother's closest confidant; an Administration troubleshooter in foreign policy and national intelligence, he has acted with skill and dash in anti-racketeering and civil rights enforcement.

Labor Secretary Arthur J. Goldberg ranks among the top Cabinet members for his articulation of the Administration's labor-management policies and for his adroit mediation of labor disputes involving ferryboats and tugboats, airline flight engineers, and the Metropolitan Opera.

State Secretary Dean Rusk ranks at the top of the middle group; although he retains the confidence of the President as



PRESIDENT KENNEDY MEETING WITH HIS CABINET*

From computer efficiency through cherished Republicanism to symptoms of foot-in-mouth disease.

his chief adviser on foreign policy, Rusk has struck few sparks as an Administration spokesman, has not yet solved the problems of internal administration at State, which is due for another major shake-up.

HEW Secretary Abraham A. Ribicoff has worked hard at advancing the Administration's welfare plans but hasn't yet sold Congress on the key programs—medical care for the aged and aid to education. His considerable vanity has exposed him to some sniping, but he is rated as a solid administrator.

Commerce Secretary Luther H. Hodges has served quietly and colorlessly as an administrator and as the New Frontier's link with business; the Administration expects him to distinguish himself in the impending fight to liberalize foreign trade.

Agriculture Secretary Orville L. Freeman has not improved the farm situation. Perhaps nobody can.

Postmaster General J. Edward Day is the unknown man of the Cabinet; he has struggled manfully to reduce his department's annual billion-dollar deficit, this year will champion a postal rate bill designed to increase the Department's revenues by \$650 million a year (but most of it will be absorbed by pay raises for Post Office employees).

Interior Secretary Stewart L. Udall has displayed symptoms of foot-in-mouth disease, been frustrated by the White House's lack of interest in his grand design for new national park and conservation programs.

HEW's Ribicoff, who plans to run this year for the Senate in Connecticut, will probably be the first member of Kennedy's Cabinet to depart. The first-year stability of the Kennedy Cabinet is not unusual. In Franklin Roosevelt's first year, only one Cabinet member left; he was Treasury Secretary William Woodin, who resigned because of illness. There was a wholesale turnover in Harry Truman's

inherited first Cabinet, but in the year after that the only change in new members was the substitution of John Snyder for Treasury Secretary Fred Vinson, who was appointed Chief Justice. In Dwight Eisenhower's first year, only Labor Secretary Martin Durkin dropped out.

THE CONGRESS

The Arkansas Hunkerer

The first congressional leader President Kennedy invited to the White House after his return from Florida early this month was Arkansas' Democratic Representative Wilbur Mills. It was no happenstance summons, for Kennedy well knew that Mills, as chairman of the powerful House Ways and Means Committee, would be passing this year on most of the top-

priority items in the Administration's briefcase. Indeed, of all the members of the 87th Congress, Mills may be the most important to the Administration's legislative programs.

Kensett, Arkansas, where Mills was raised, is said to have got its name when a Missouri Pacific agent, seeking advice about a railroad station site, was told: "You ken set it hyar or you ken set it thar." Mills's Second Arkansas District abounds in picturesque place names: Morning Sun is 75 miles from Evening Shade, and other places are named Joy, Romance, Rose Bud and Oil Trough. The son of a prosperous Kensett merchant and banker, Mills was sent to Harvard Law School, returned home to a job in his father's Kensett State Bank. In 1938, Mills ran for the House of Representatives. He learned to hunker on the court-house steps, to roll his own Bull Durham cigarettes, and to chew tobacco without turning green (at least until he got out of the sight of the donor). He had another campaign asset in the comely person of his wife Clarine ("Polly"), whom he still describes as "the best handshaker a man ever married." Mills won easily, and by 1952 had become such a personage that Kensett's citizens proudly put up a sign at the town limits: "Home of Congressman Wilbur Mills and Bill Dickey, Famous Yankee Catcher." Today, at 52, the chunky (5 ft. 8 in., 180 lbs.) Mills is battling 1,000 around his home town.

In the House, Mills displayed an aptitude for financial facts and figures, earned appointment to the Ways and Means Committee and, in 1958, became its chairman. He was then considered a prime



WALTER BENNETT

WAYS & MEANS' MILLS
He ken set for a long time.

* From left: Postmaster General J. Edward Day, U.N. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson, Vice President Lyndon Johnson, Defense's Robert McNamara, Agriculture's Orville Freeman, Labor's Arthur Goldberg, HEW's Abraham Ribicoff, Commerce's Luther Hodges, Attorney General Robert Kennedy, State's Dean Rusk, the President, Treasury's Douglas Dillon, Interior's Stewart Udall.

favorite to succeed Speaker Sam Rayburn, even though he had signed a widely publicized Southern Manifesto of white supremacy, which eventually cost him the favor of Northern Democrats. But his performance as chairman of Ways and Means has not lived up to its promise. A naturally cautious, conciliatory man, Mills let his committee dawdle endlessly over legislation, to the point that it was nicknamed the "No Ways and By No Means Committee." In his efforts to produce bills that would be palatable to everyone, Mills has produced several that were savory to none. He has, moreover, been aloof in his relations with other committee members. Cried Illinois' Democratic Representative Tom O'Brien on one occasion: "If you don't keep me informed, I'll take this committee away from you."

As the Ways and Means Committee began its annual deliberations last week, Chairman Mills had charted a leisurely course that allowed a month to work on a tax revision bill, two months for the tariff-lowering foreign-trade bill, Medical care for the aged (which Mills personally opposes) will almost surely be kept waiting until July. That schedule stood as at least preliminary evidence that President Kennedy had, in his pre-session flight back from Florida, failed to persuade the key Congressman to quit hunkering.

CAPITAL NOTES

Bouncing Ball?

As the chief architect of the Administration's foreign trade program, Under Secretary of State George Ball would ordinarily be expected to act as its leading advocate before Congress. But Ball, along with a good many other State Department officials, is considered a little starchy in his dealings with Congressmen; in order to make a more persuasive presentation, the Administration may switch the burden to Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon and Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges.

After the Cosmos

Still flushing from the furor over its rejection of Deputy Assistant Secretary of State Carl T. Rowan, a Negro, Washington's Cosmos Club voted overwhelmingly to end its segregationist policies. But many in Washington were wondering about other clubs, especially the comfortable old Chevy Chase, a well-equipped (18 holes, 22 tennis courts, 2 bars), country club just over the D.C. line in Maryland. It has never admitted a Negro (and keeps plenty of white people waiting as long as eight years). President Kennedy and Vice President Lyndon Johnson are both honorary members.

Building a Bigger House

Democratic and Republican leaders in the House of Representatives are nearing agreement on a plan (that had once been resisted by the late Speaker Sam Rayburn) to increase House membership from 435 to 439. The change would help solve

POLITICS

Another Try

Philadelphia's Democratic Mayor Richardson Dilworth has long hankered after the Governor's chair in Harrisburg. He won the Democratic gubernatorial nomination in 1950, but lost to Republican John S. Fine in the general election. In 1958, partly because of his support of U.S. diplomatic recognition of Communist China, Pennsylvania's Democratic leaders dumped him as a candidate for Governor. But last week Dick Dilworth was ready to try again. He announced his resignation as mayor, effective Feb. 12—a step that he must take, under the Philadelphia city charter, before he can stand for another office.

A Marine Corps veteran of both world wars, Mayor Dilworth, 63, was elected city treasurer in 1949, moved up to district attorney two years later in a reform sweep that put Joseph S. Clark in office as the first Democratic mayor of Philadelphia in 67 years. When Clark went to the U.S. Senate in 1956, Dilworth took over as mayor. He won re-election in 1959, soundly trouncing Republican Harold Stassen. Dilworth energetically carried out the clean-sweep urban renewal programs begun under Clark, made his own mark as an all-out liberal reformer.

Then last year some flaws appeared in the image. City Controller Alexander Hemphill uncovered a batch of municipal misdemeanors, described by Dilworth (who nonetheless fired all the city employees involved) as "penny-ante stuff." Dilworth then took off for a round-the-world trip. By the time he came back, a Philadelphia contractor stood accused of profiting by \$800,000 on a \$1,000,000 contract for city transit repairs; the same contractor had sent the city treasurer a Christmas bottle of whisky, cheerily wrapped in \$100 bills. Dilworth, never touched personally by the scandals, admitted that "We were lax." It seemed for a while that his hopes for the governorship had been dashed.

But the passage of months took some of the sting out of the scandals, and last week Dilworth found his way out of another ticklish situation: he had just achieved a hiatus in a bitter 41-month strike by the International Association of Machinists against Yale & Towne, lock manufacturers. Basking in this glow, Dilworth announced his forthcoming resignation as mayor, preparatory to declaring for Harrisburg next month.

One Down

Californians had been looking forward to a real show in this year's Republican gubernatorial primary campaign between Richard Nixon and former Governor Goodwin J. Knight, a vigorous stump speaker and a vociferous Nixon hater. Last week the show ended almost before it began: Goodie Knight, 65, bedded down since November with infectious hepatitis, announced that he would reluctantly give up his 1962 political plans, and follow his doctor's advice not to run.

Knight's withdrawal left Nixon with two rivals for the chance to oppose Democratic Incumbent Edmund ("Pat") Brown in November. One is Harold J. ("Butch") Powers, 61, lieutenant governor under Knight, who has done no campaigning to date, hopes to inherit Knight's following ("He and I always saw eye to eye," says Powers). The other, more serious challenger to Nixon is Assemblyman Joseph C. Shell, 43. Shell has been buzzing busily around the state, piloting his own Beechcraft Bonanza from one campaign appearance to the next. A onetime University of Southern California halfback, husky (6 ft. 2 in., 210 lbs.) Joe Shell pitches his appeal to California's right wing: "I've gotten sick and tired of calling people liberals when they're basically socialists. I find a very great surge of conservatism in California. Not a surge—an explosion."

Nixon remains the heavy favorite in the June primary. But Shell's candidacy may serve at least one purpose—measuring the strength of California's much-discussed right wing. An impressive showing by Shell would please some oddly assorted bedfellows: Barry Goldwater and others, who argue that the only hope of the G.O.P. is in a strongly conservative stand, and practically all Democrats, who would like nothing better than to pin the Far Right label on the whole G.O.P.

prickly line-drawing problems in Illinois, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania by giving each of those states, plus Missouri, one more Representative than they were allocated after the 1960 census.

The Ev & Charlie Show (Contd.)

No sooner had Republican National Committee Chairman William Miller proposed that the G.O.P. issue a policy statement to rebut President Kennedy's State of the Union message than the party's congressional floor leaders, Illinois Senator Everett Dirksen and Indiana Representative Charles Halleck, vetoed the idea. That left Dirksen and Halleck, who appear on television weekly in what has come to be known as "The Ev and Charlie Show," as the most visible, audible enunciators of Republican policy in Washington.

Instant Stonehenge

The Franklin D. Roosevelt Memorial Commission has approved a controversial design for a monument to the author of the New Deal: a set of sky-stabbing concrete slabs to be erected in West Potomac Park. The memorial has been variously described as "the epitome of mid-20th century art" by Architect Philip C. Johnson and as "instant Stonehenge" by the critical Washington *Post* and *Times Herald*. The *Post* last week suggested that one of the slabs carry an epitaph to the short-lived National Recovery Administration (1933-35): "Here lies beneath this pillar grey/The late-lamented NRA/It lived and breathed and had its day/But, thank the Lord, it went away."

THE WORLD

COMMUNISTS Of Cattle & Comrades

Vyacheslav Molotov's future continued to pose the most fascinating puzzle in the Communist world. Not because Old Stone-bottom himself matters much, but because he has become a kind of code word, or swear word, in a veiled but fateful debate.

Two weeks ago, despite Molotov's earlier political disgrace, a Soviet Foreign Office spokesman had announced that he would return to Vienna as delegate to the international atoms-for-peace agency. By week's end he still had not returned. According to one theory, Molotov's enemies in the Kremlin would not let him go; according to another version, he did not want to go, because the minor post in effect means exile. Either explanation fitted with *Pravda's* latest attack on Stalin's longtime Foreign Minister for his "dogmatic stubbornness" in opposing the "live, creative" Leninist line as preached by Nikita Khrushchev.

The aging (71) Molotov is in the middle of what may be Communism's most significant internal split since the Stalin-Trotsky quarrel in the '20s. On one side are ranged the dominant forces in the Soviet Presidium and most of the world's Communist parties, which support Khrushchev's avowed policies of "peaceful co-existence" with the capitalist nations, his campaign against Stalin's terroristic "cult of personality," and his efforts to raise the living standards of the Russian people. On the opposite side are Red China and its tiny, faraway ally, Albania; they are apparently more willing to risk war against capitalism, they revere Stalin's memory, and scorn Russia's preoccupation with "bourgeois" material gains. "Molotov," in Moscow deliberations, is a shorthand reference to all these heresies.

The basic issue is whether the Soviet Union can tolerate defiance of Moscow policies without seeing the Communist world break up into old-style nation states, all Marxist but pursuing divergent policies. Italian Communist Leader Palmiro Togliatti has already coined the word for this state of affairs: polycentrism.

Brothers United. This fear of local independence inspired a blistering attack last week by Moscow's *Problems of Peace and Socialism*, an official party journal, which condemned Albania (and by implication, Red China) for pursuing "narrow, nationalistic, egoistic interests." The magazine also denounced the Albanian government as a "regime of terror." The world was thus witnessing the extraordinary spectacle of two Communist states hurling at each other the kind of blasts they ordinarily reserve for the West. Radio Moscow accused Albania of mass arrests and purges in which a pregnant woman Communist leader opposed to Dictator Enver Hoxha was executed. Hoxha, in turn, accused Khrushchev of "hideous activities," including the use of such "poisoned weapons as slander and brutal interference in our internal affairs."

At the same time, the Albanian boss paid homage to his regime's new-found "elder brother, the Chinese people." Last week Big Brother and Little Brother further cemented their new relationship with a trade and technical aid agreement.

Theoretical God. The Chinese-Stalinist faction has its partisans in Moscow, particularly (so Western experts guess) among the middle echelons of the party secretariat. In Moscow, key Communist Party officials from the Soviet Union's 15 republics were summoned for a three-day conference on political and administrative problems. Also trying to straighten out the ideological mess was Leonid Ilyich, Soviet propaganda boss, who de-

manded a "decisive cleanup of remnants of the personality cult" and reported that some officials will "stick to the viewpoint that Stalin was a theoretical god."

The open war of words is obviously having a demoralizing effect on the Communist world. But in one respect, it is to Khrushchev's advantage: it reinforces the idea in the West that he is not a bad fellow compared to the Stalinists, and it even leads such Soviet experts as Britain's Edward Crankshaw to suggest that Mr. K.'s Russia is slowly moving toward "a species of democracy."

Khrushchev at any rate was not worried enough by the situation to stay home. Last week, he was off on another of his periodic missions to rural pigsties and haylofts, while his chief international troubleshooter, Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan, was on a swing through West Africa. Artful Anastas got a coolly correct reception in Guinea, where he tried to mend some fences; the Soviet ambassador, since expelled, had stirred up demonstrations against President Sékou Touré, a Marxist but apparently not enough of one for Moscow. In Red-leaning Mali and Ghana, Mikoyan was treated like an honorary African, grinned while a provincial street was named after him.

Meanwhile Khrushchev, on a tour of Byelorussia, told hog farmers that he was "not here to read Pushkin's poems. You will read poems without me. I came to expose shortcomings." To dairy farmers, the peasant Premier proposed a taste test to decide between his recommendation for high protein cattle feed (sugar beets, peas) or simple hay, which some scientists favor. Khrushchev, who obviously can afford more liberalism toward cattle than toward comrades, suggested that the cows decide. Said he: "Well now, *Burenushka* [Bossy], what fodder do you vote for?"



KHRUSHCHEV AT UZBEKISTAN IRRIGATION PROJECT

Some people called it polycentrism.



MIKOYAN (CENTER) WITH NKRUMAH IN GHANA

LONDON DAILY EXPRESS

ALGERIA

The Not So Secret Army

(See Cover)

Algiers, once one of the most beautiful of cities, is becoming the ugliest. To the casual eye, there is no change. The square white houses still climb on each other's shoulders up to the wooded heights. In the Moslem quarter, the casbah's tunneled alleys are filled with turbaned men and neat-stepping donkeys burdened with panniers. Beneath the leafy shade of the Forum and along the Rue Michelet in the European district stroll some of the loveliest girls in the world, giggling and gossiping as if they were not a step away from a daily round of slaughter.

"They are born for pride and life," wrote Albert Camus of his fellow Algerians. He added somberly that in Algeria "everything is given to be taken away." Perhaps Camus was right. The Algerian cities last week were ravaged by death and disfiguration. The immediate cause, ironically enough, was the prospect that the grim, seven-year war in Algeria might end in a cease-fire now being negotiated between the French government and the Moslem F.L.N. rebels. According to Paris reports, an agreement is scheduled to be signed within a month—or possibly sooner. To most of Algeria's 1,000,000 Europeans, the prospect of an agreement meant only one thing: that Charles de Gaulle is handing over Algeria to its 9,000,000 infuriated Moslems, that the Europeans' homes, their livelihoods, perhaps their lives will be in the hands of the Moslems they have lorded it over for so long. To prevent this at all cost is the avowed aim of an ugly, desperate new force on the Algerian scene: the Secret Army Organ-

ization (*Organisation de l'Armée Secrète*), an underground band of Europeans using the F.L.N.'s own terrorist methods. Leader of the S.A.O. is not a European of Algeria but a Frenchman born in France—ex-General Raoul Salan, 62, white-haired veteran of a dozen of France's wars, now under sentence of death for treason to the Republic. So is most of his staff, a collection of renegade army officers dreaming of old flags and vanished glories, and of hard-boiled European settlers determined to hold on to their possessions and privileges in Algeria. They would not hesitate to destroy the present France to build the new France of their muddled dreams.

New Madness. Salan and his men intend to keep Algeria French, and threaten a bloody uprising either before or after peace is concluded. To succeed in the long run, Salan must not only crush the powerful Moslem F.L.N. (*Front de Libération Nationale*) but also bring down De Gaulle himself—tasks that seem far beyond his powers, particularly since his S.A.O. has not won any sizable support in Metropolitan France. But, even in failing, Salan can seriously endanger France by releasing mutiny in the embittered French army in Algeria, which would conceivably spread to barracks in Metropolitan France and trigger civil war between the right and left. Salan has already succeeded in jeopardizing France's role as a leading European power—and the Western alliance—by imperiling the Algerian settlement that France must have to survive.

The Algerian war used to be waged between the French army and Moslem rebels fighting for independence. It has cost the lives of 18,000 French soldiers and an estimated 360,000 Moslems. Two million more Moslems were herded by the French into vast "regroupment camps." The S.A.O. has turned this war into a three-way madness; most of the S.A.O.'s terror is directed against the Moslems, but they are also ready to strike at those Europeans who oppose Salan. The overwhelming majority goes along with him—either out of conviction or fear of reprisals. That support might well collapse if the French army in Algeria were to side decisively with De Gaulle. For the present, Algeria's Europeans, a melodramatic people, often say that their only choice is "the suitcase or the coffin"—to pack their bags and leave, or fight to the death.

City of God. At dusk, in the Algiers suburb of Le Ruisseau, Moslem patrons in the Café de l'Espérance looked up from their mint tea and coffee as Europeans sped by. From one car, machine-gun bullets swept the oilcloth tables, from the other a hand grenade was lobbed into the doorway. Five Moslem men and a child died instantly; 26 others sprawled wounded among the tumbled chairs. Revenge-seeking Moslem crowds raged into the streets, stoning passing cars. Three autos were halted, their European drivers dragged out and beaten to death.

The scenes of horror spread. In Oran, a legless Moslem veteran was pulled from his wheelchair and murdered, while near the city's imposing Cathedral of the Sa-



NICOLAS TANGHERLIFT—HAGUEN

F.L.N. DEMONSTRATORS IN ALGIER
A death for each death.

cred Heart, European teen-agers gleefully urinated on the body of another slain Moslem. Near Algiers, a French jeweler was "executed" as a traitor by the S.A.O. because he planned "to flee the country when it was in danger." At industrial Bône, where 1,500 years ago St. Augustine preached the City of God, a bomb destroyed a Moslem tenement, killing ten women and children, and Europeans drove off rescuers with rocks and pistol shots.

Most European parents approve their sons' taking part in *ratonnades*—the hunting down of "rats," a French epithet for Moslems. Explained a father: "Our sons are all we have left to make us respected here. They are our only means of resistance." A Moslem says: "For each Moslem killed, we will kill a European." A European answers: "Since we are an eight-to-one minority in Algeria, eight Moslems will die for every one of us."

In less than ten months, Salan has caused the breakdown of government in Algeria and has substituted the S.A.O. as the effective authority. Salan's illegal transmitters repeatedly break into broadcasts of official Radio Algiers, particularly when De Gaulle speaks. S.A.O. orders for strikes, the hoarding of food, or the withdrawal of savings from banks are widely obeyed. Overnight, the S.A.O. can plaster Algiers with posters and proclamations. In the morning's mail, Europeans find mobilization orders, complete down to their actual army serial number, ordering service not in the army but in the S.A.O.

Revolution with Anisette. The S.A.O. phenomenon is in part explained by the special character of the 1,000,000 Europeans of Algeria. They hold French citizenship, but only one-quarter of them are of French origin. The rest are immigrants, or descendants of immigrants, from Spain, Italy, Greece, Malta, Corsica and other Mediterranean lands. Out of this melting pot has emerged a distinct race who call themselves *pieds-noirs*, or "black feet"



APR FROM GILSON

BATHERS NEAR ALGIER'S TROUBLE ZONE
A step away from slaughter.

(supposedly because most of their ancestors arrived without shoes), combining Spanish poise with Italian exuberance and Levantine guile. They make a cult of the body, delight in being alive in a land of sea and sunlight. They respect courage and brute force, but have no tradition of political loyalty. *Pieds-noirs* run after demagogues, but soon lose interest and go back to eying the girls and sipping anisette at sidewalk cafés. Grumbled a French officer, "Even if they started a revolution, they'd take time out for anisette."

Salan has what other *pied-noir* leaders lacked—executive ability and discipline. Though he has the gift of phrasemaking ("The Mediterranean crosses France the way the Seine crosses Paris"), he is no mere rabble-rouser.

The Organization. At Salan's signal, *pied-noir* demonstrators rush from their homes shouting "De Gaulle to the gallows!" and hammer out on dishpans the deafening rhythm of "*Al-gé-rie Française!*" Salan's nod is sufficient to explode plastic bombs[☆] under the bed of a Gaullist security chief in Oran or on the doorstep of a police inspector in Algiers. After each deed, Salan's men boast: "The S.A.O. strikes when it wants, how it wants, where it wants!"

The S.A.O. headquarters staff consists of Salan and 20 to 30 intimates. It has set up three Algerian departments, which, in turn, are subdivided into zones, sectors and subsectors. On paper there are some 77 subsectors—mostly in the cities, for the S.A.O. has little or no support in the Moslem countryside. This framework is fleshed out with men: first, 1,000 to 2,000 terrorists, gunmen and bomb specialists; next, up to 20,000 block leaders, spies, fund raisers and agitators. At bottom is a reserve of some 100,000 former militiamen who were disbanded in 1960 by De Gaulle as untrustworthy allies.

Chief of operations for Salan is Colonel Yves Godard, a paratrooper who escaped from a Nazi prison camp on his third try, fought as a Resistance leader in France, and served with distinction in Indo-China and Algeria. Since New Year's Day, when Godard's terror squads swung into coordinated action 347 people have been killed in Algeria and 624 wounded. In his most impressive exploit to date, Godard smashed the special 100-man anti-S.A.O. commando unit that was sent from Paris to go after Godard with his own terror tactics. Last October, Godard was picked up in an Algiers street for carrying false identity papers. At the central police station, he privately told a top cop: "I know you and you know me, I'm Colonel Godard. I appeal to you as a Frenchman

and a patriot to let me go." The policeman did.

Triple Fence. Not only the police but practically all Europeans will hide or help S.A.O. terrorists. The few who are brought to trial are quickly freed by intimidated judges. The police cannot find Raoul Salan, but newsmen have no difficulty in arranging meetings; and three months ago, Salan—with hair dyed black and a new mustache—gave a TV interview to a U.S. broadcasting team without police interference. Salan's whereabouts are shrouded in mystery: on the same day he has been reported in Belgium and at Algiers' Otomatic café, an S.A.O. hang-out. When he first went underground, he



DE GAULLE & SALAN IN 1958



SALAN'S OFFICER SON (RIGHT)



SALAN & WIFE LUCIENNE



REBEL GENERALS JOUHAUD, SALAN, CHALLE & ZELLER



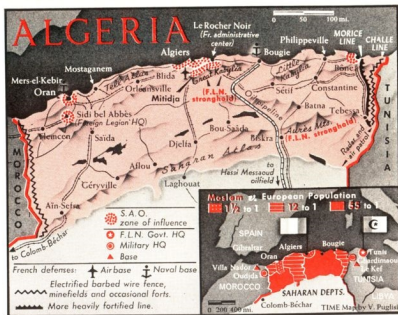
SALAN IN DISGUISE

The police cannot find him but photographers can.



SALAN IN MADRID

☆ The plastic bomb, developed during World War II, has become the trademark of the S.A.O. It is a puttylike substance made by mixing two explosives, Hexogen (known as R.D.X. in the U.S.) and TNT, into a rubber compound base, and can be exploded either electrically or by fuse. Terrorists prefer the plastic bomb for two reasons: it is so stable that it can be cut into strips and easily transported; at the site marked for the blast, it is adhesive enough to stick to almost any surface—under a window ledge, on a mailbox, or around a fence or lamppost.



was hidden in the fertile Mitidja plain south of Algiers, whose well-to-do pied-noir farmers are pro-S.A.O.

Officials loyal to De Gaulle lead a more hunted life than do the S.A.O. terrorists. The prefect of Oran hides in an apartment on the top floor of a 15-story building that can be reached only by taking two separate elevators and passing through a complicated maze of locked and guarded doors. The prefect of Algiers and his staff dodge from one hiding place to another, frequently changing cars and routes. The top Gaullist administrators have abandoned Algiers and huddle together at Le Rocher Noir, 25 miles away, behind three rings of barbed wire, defended by armored cars. S.A.O. spies are everywhere. Last fall, the French government sent 200 more policemen to Algiers; shortly after they arrived, they found that the S.A.O. had a complete list of their names, as well as their photographs.

War of Nerves. The S.A.O.'s most conspicuous failure has been its attempt to transport the movement to France itself. It has made a lot of noise in Paris and the provinces with the explosion of 400 plastic bombs at carefully selected targets* and with the theft of guns and munitions from U.S. and French army camps—always well publicized by the press. But the attempts to blackmail funds from the rich and prominent have often backfired: Brigitte Bardot made the S.A.O. seem ridiculous by publishing their threatening letter. In France, the S.A.O. has an estimated 7,000 active members,

among them about 500 *plastiquiers*. This is enough for a limited war of nerves, but not enough to cause serious trouble—at least not yet. Interior Minister Roger Frey, one of De Gaulle's staunchest supporters in the government, has crippled the S.A.O. in France by infiltrating the S.A.O. apparatus, formally outlawing the organization, permitting his police to round up sympathizers as well as S.A.O. members.

A recent opinion poll shows that only 9% of the French sympathize with the S.A.O., 26% have no opinion or are undecided, 65% are against it. The S.A.O. label in France covers all sorts of right-wing crackpots, from Poujadist tradesmen to old men who were purged as Nazi collaborators at the liberation, to hard-breathing young militants of the neo-fascist *Jeune Nation* group. The working class is vehemently anti-S.A.O.

Nation's Spearhead. The philosophy behind the S.A.O. is a muddle of authoritarian, imperialist and populist ideas. S.A.O. propaganda is the sort often found in flights from reality—orotund, florid, declamatory, and so ecstatic as to approach hysteria. Communists delight in identifying themselves historically with Spartacus and his slave revolt; the S.A.O. officers see themselves as Roman legionnaires holding off the Red barbarians on the marches of empire and sending back semaphore messages warning Rome—or rather, Paris—to "beware of the anger of the Legions!" A typical S.A.O. manifesto recalls French soldiers fallen in colonial wars: "Our dreams are full of their death, and often at night we hear the desperate cries of the colonial peoples whom we were forced to abandon as our departing boats tore the last French flag from their gaze. The thought of our Tricolor, having led everywhere, having cast the shadow of French peace on the soil of Africa and Asia, gives us a heavy heart. But our dead, our battles, our faith forbid us the

cowardice of weariness. The last battle is joined. We will win it."

Such incantations make it difficult to pin down the S.A.O.'s ideas. In literature, proclamations, and clandestine broadcasts, the fantastic S.A.O. platform shapes up like this: 1) all Algerians will remain French on French soil, and partition into separate Moslem and European states is unthinkable; 2) the Moslem population will get equal status—some time in the future; 3) in the new France, the S.A.O. will rip out the "Communist and Christian-Progressivist cancer that has undermined the state"; 4) the S.A.O. will eagerly join the French army as the "anti-Communist spearhead of the nation"; 5) having won France, the S.A.O. will then defend Western civilization through nationalism, which is "France's permanent vocation—the only means of fighting Communist expansion."

Leading political thinker of the S.A.O. is Jean-Jacques Susini, 28, a gifted *pied-noir* of Corsican descent. His ideas are frankly fascist ("Why don't we come out and say so?") but, publicly at least, they are devoid of racial overtones—largely because the 130,000 Jews of Algeria are pro *Algérie Française*, and because S.A.O. propaganda has to insist, preposterous though the claim is, that the majority of Moslems love the S.A.O. better than the F.L.N. Susini, the young doctrinaire, and Salan, the old politician-godfather, have become close friends. He listens intently to Susini's urgings that France needs a regime like Generalissimo Franco's in Spain, "only tougher." But Salan prefers the role of a mystical statesman, without making any public declaration on future policy. Salan operates in politics as he has in war—slowly, thoughtfully, his undoubted courage overlaid with caution.

The Mandarin. Without these qualities—and luck—Salan could not have survived the past 44 years. In that time he has fought against Germans, Lebanese,



* Among the intended victims so far: eight Cabinet ministers, 35 legislators, about 30 mayors, an equal number of journalists, the rest assorted officials, politicians and anti-S.A.O. intellectuals, including Jean-Paul Sartre (twice), François Mauriac, Françoise Sagan. Because, at this stage, the S.A.O. wants to intimidate Frenchmen, not infuriate them, the bombs are usually exploded at times and places when they are not likely to kill. So far, only two have died in S.A.O. bombings in France.

Nazis, Free French, Indo-Chinese Communists, Algerian Moslems and Frenchmen. The self-styled "centurion" was born in 1899 in the tiny Cévennes village of Roquecourbe but reared in the ancient sun-warmed city of Nîmes in Provence. The Salan family was neither aristocratic nor military; his father Louis was a minor tax official and an ardent Socialist. His brother, Georges, two years younger than Raoul and now a physician in Nîmes, remembers him as a bright student and as anything but austere. The brothers' friendly relations are not disturbed by politics, and even though Dr. Georges Salan, a Gaullist, was recently bombed by the Nîmes branch of the S.A.O., he does not hold it against Raoul. "Until last April," he says, "He was as every French officer ought to be, that is, a straight military man without any political convictions."

In 1917, after only one year at St.-Cyr (France's West Point), Salan went to the front, was wounded in action, won the *Croix de guerre*. After the war, he was sent to the French mandate of Syria and Lebanon just in time to be plunged into fighting against the Djebel Druse tribesmen and be wounded again. Next, he served in French Indo-China as administrator of a corner of jungle near the borders of China, Burma and Laos. In the solitude of his post, Salan dabbled in Oriental philosophy and astrology, is said to have experimented with opium. These predilections won him the nickname of "the Mandarin." Like many French officers, he took an Indo-Chinese mistress, who bore him a son named Victor. Unlike most, he recognized the responsibilities of parenthood. Dr. Georges Salan says proudly: "Raoul brought his illegitimate son home with him instead of abandoning him to his mother." Lieut. Victor Salan, now 26, and like his father a graduate of St.-Cyr, is studying nuclear-war tactics at St.-Maixent military school.



ALGERIAN PIEDS-NOIRS DEMONSTRATING
On signal, a fanatic thrust to keep their privileges.

Late Switch. Five months before the outbreak of World War II, Raoul Salan married Lucienne Bougnin, 28, daughter of a Vichy hotel owner. A cool, tenacious blonde who is called *Babiche* (little doe) because of her large, soft eyes, Lucienne has never wavered in her loyalty to her husband, is thought to have shaped his ideas and been a spur to his ambition.

Raoul Salan fought with "remarkable courage" (according to the official citation) against the Nazis in the six-week war of 1940. The armistice with the Germans confronted him with the first of many crises of conscience: Should he support the government of Vichy's Marshal Pétain or switch to De Gaulle and the

Allies? Stationed in Dakar, Salan waited four years before joining De Gaulle.

After the Normandy invasion, he commanded a brigade under General de Lattre de Tassigny on the Alsace front. Veterans of that winter campaign remember Salan as a competent and "correct" soldier; when touring outposts, Salan would remove his glove even in zero weather before shaking hands with a soldier.

After the war, as deputy to De Lattre, Salan went back to his old colonial paradise of Indo-China, which was now threatened by nationalist rebels under Communist Ho Chi Minh. The struggle against the Communists proved a nightmare that dragged on for years and pitted swift guerrillas against a ponderous French army fighting a classic war with tanks, planes and heavy artillery. It was like trying to swat mosquitoes with a sledge hammer.

When De Lattre died, in 1952, Salan succeeded him. He did no better and no worse than those before and after him. In 1954, covered with praise and new medals, Salan returned to Paris, and another ill-starred general took over the hopeless Indo-China war.

Paladins of the West. Salan thought deeply about the causes of the French defeat. Some veterans, like Colonel Jean Gardes (now chief of ordnance for the S.A.O.), held seminars to devise answers to Red tactics. Infused with his own brand of religious mysticism, Gardes would pose such questions as "Can one indulge in torture without sin?" His conclusion: "Yes, provided you are torturing a Communist or a Communist suspect."

Other officers blamed the defeat on political factions in France and on the slackness of civil life. While they fought and died for the cause of anti-Communism, they felt they were being betrayed or ridiculed by Parisian intellectuals. They decided that all revolutions in Asia and



ALGERS STREET VIOLENCE

Ironically, the immediate cause was the prospect of a cease-fire.



ORDNANCE CHIEF GARDIES



THEORIST SUSINI



OPERATIONS CHIEF GODARD

They would not hesitate to destroy France.

Africa are essentially Communist, and that a hidden conspiracy lurks inside Western society which seeks to destroy it. Members of this conspiracy were by turns identified as liberals, Jews, left-wing Catholics, the newspapers, and (later) De Gaulle.

Most of all, the officers were sick of fighting rearguard actions that always ended in defeat. These wars, wrote one veteran of his fellow officers, "have cut them off from France, from their families, from their friends. They have the sense of having been made use of, duped, often betrayed by the forces of civilian politics. Their own consciences are clear because they feel themselves to be, I do not hesitate to say, the paladins of the Western world!" What all of them desperately wanted, anywhere, against anyone, was a transcendent victory.

"Republican General." Salan and another general handed the government a secret report on the difficulties of the Indo-China war. When it was ignored, Salan leaked it to the newspapers, only to find himself virulently attacked by right-wing politicians as a defeatist and passionately embraced by left-wing Socialists and radicals as a "republican general" who was against colonial wars.

Thus when Socialist Premier Guy Mollet took office in 1956, he turned to General Raoul Salan as the man best qualified to liquidate the Algerian war. The fearful *pieds-noirs*, convinced that the "republican general" meant abandonment and betrayal, prepared his execution. At dusk one evening, two months after his arrival in Algiers, Salan sat at his desk in the general-staff building. On a terrace only 50 yds. away, a *pied-noir* named Jean Castille took aim with a bazooka, closed his eyes to mutter a prayer, then opened them and fired. In that moment of prayer, Salan was called from his office—the rocket struck and killed another officer, who was passing the desk at the instant of firing. Two years ago in Spain, when both were fugitives from De Gaulle, Salan and Castille met and were reconciled.

End of the Fourth. Although in Algeria Salan cracked down hard on the F.L.N. and brought in the 10th Paratroop Division from the field to counter its big terror campaign, the *pieds-noirs* continued to distrust him. In May of 1958, the chaotic Fourth Republic had its final convulsion. Its last Premier was Pierre Pflimlin, a man the *pieds-noirs* suspected of favoring a deal with the F.L.N. The European mob poured into the Forum, still jeered at Salan as the "republican general." But in private talks with the Europeans' "Committee of Public Safety," Salan announced that he was with them. He appeared on a balcony overlooking the impatient thousands in the Forum, and this time they listened as he shouted, "Algerians! I am one of you!" Salan concluded his speech with "Vive de Gaulle!" The crowd, like Salan, believed De Gaulle in favor of a French Algeria, and broke into pandemonium.

To Salan and his backers, De Gaulle proved a bitter disappointment. As De Gaulle more and more spoke in terms of self-determination for Algeria and even of a cease-fire with the F.L.N., the *pieds-noirs* saw one more betrayal. To their disgust, Salan was recalled to Paris by De Gaulle, who correctly gauged him as an obstacle to his policy. Salan was assigned to the purely honorary post of Inspector of Defense. He was without troops, without even an office.

In June 1960, having reached the required age limit, Salan retired from the army and was soon delivering flaming speeches, urging war veterans "to take justice into your own hands." In October 1960, Salan eluded Gaullist security guards assigned to watch him, slipped across the border to Spain. From a Madrid hotel room, he resumed his links with the conspirators in Algiers and with other anti-Gaullist exiles like Susini and the two Algerian leaders, the roughneck café owner Jo Ortiz and the flamboyant student leader Pierre Lagailarde (both are now held by Franco in custody on the Canary Islands as a favor to De Gaulle). Every

day, at noon, Salan phoned his wife Lucienne, living with their daughter Dominique in the Salan villa in Algiers.

Bloodless Collapse. At 1:30 a.m. on the morning of April 23, a plane touched down at Maison Blanche airport outside Algiers, and out stepped Raoul Salan. The city was already in the hands of Salan's fellow plotters: Generals Maurice Challe (who had succeeded Salan in Algeria), André Zeller and Edmond Jouhaud. Rushing to his villa in Hydra, Salan kissed his wife, put on his uniform and all 36 of his decorations, and hurried to Challe's headquarters on the Forum.

He found his fellow conspirators plunged into gloom. The only soldiers they could count on were the three paratroop regiments that had rebelled with them. The rest of the armed forces in Algeria were either in opposition or sitting on the fence. Challe, who had hoped to win by a bloodless *coup d'état*, collapsed. Salan made a last effort to keep the Revolt of the Generals going—again from a balcony overlooking the Forum, where a supercharged Algiers mob was again screaming that it had been betrayed. But Salan's words could not be heard—someone had cut the microphone wires.

At dawn, a newsman asked Salan if he were going to surrender. Curtly the general answered, "No!" Weeping, Lucienne Salan tied a silk scarf about her husband's neck in a farewell gesture. Generals Challe and Zeller returned to France as prisoners; Generals Salan and Jouhaud, with some 100 deserters from the 1st Foreign Legion Paratroop Regiment, disappeared into the underground.

A few weeks later, Salan emerged from silence as the chief of the Secret Army Organization.

For Their Lives. At first, Premier Benyousséf Benkhedda of the F.L.N. Provisional Government smugly announced that the S.A.O. was not an F.L.N. concern; it was an "affair between Frenchmen." But as the toll of Moslem deaths mounted in gunfights and *ratonnades*, Benkhedda reversed himself. This month, in an official communiqué, the F.L.N. declared war on the S.A.O. In Algiers, underground fighters stood guard at Moslem cafés and clubs; "self-defense units" were formed in the Moslem *bidonvilles* (shanty towns). *Fellagha* gunmen stopped skirmishing with the French-army patrols to step up attacks on S.A.O. terrorists.

But Salan's real enemy is not the F.L.N. It is President Charles de Gaulle. Both, in their own way, are playing for their lives. Salan has already been condemned to death *in absentia* for his part in the Revolt of the Generals. De Gaulle has already escaped one S.A.O. assassination attempt. When it failed, he is reported to have remarked with a trace of regret, "*Une belle sortie* [a nice exit]." At 71, what De Gaulle dreads more than loss of life is loss of reputation, a downgrading of his place in history.

Whether or not De Gaulle originally wanted the terrible burden of settling the Algeria problem, 45 million Frenchmen have delegated it to him. Most Frenchmen, enjoying unprecedented prosperity,

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are on a delayed spree of buying everything from refrigerators to ski trips, and are simply not in the mood to worry about politics. Alone in his responsibility for Algeria, De Gaulle operates from a precariously narrow ledge. From far left to far right, De Gaulle is under attack by France's politicians. Members of his own government are suspected of opposing his Algerian solution, especially Premier Michel Debré, who on the record has favored a tougher line than De Gaulle in opposing the F.L.N. and supports a French Algeria. With the French people, De Gaulle's popularity may have somewhat diminished, but he still has a powerful hold on them. He and they are locked in a special political embrace; they need him because they know that no one else stands a chance of securing an Algerian settlement; he needs them because he knows that the support of the nation, over the heads of the politicians, over the heads of dissident or doubting generals, enables him to act for France.

Last week strong hints that an Algerian settlement was near came from Louis Joxe, 60, Minister of Algerian Affairs, an unconditional Gaullist, who is in charge of the delicate treaty dealings with the Moslem F.L.N. Back from a quick visit to Algeria, Joxe pointed out that the bloodletting in the cities was obscuring the peace and quiet of the populous countryside. He seemed to hint that a tacit cease-fire already existed between the French army and the F.L.N., to enable the Gaullist government to deal with Salan. The F.L.N. was reported ready to 1) recognize the "quasi-permanent" nature of several French military bases in Algeria, 2) concede that Algeria's economic future is linked to France and that the departure of the entire European population would be catastrophic, and 3) accept that the presence of some French armed forces in Algeria, even after the cease-fire, will contribute to peace.

Informal Charges. With a settlement near, the S.A.O. faces a set of difficult alternatives. An immediate mass uprising might actually work to De Gaulle's advantage by giving him the chance to invoke martial law in Algeria—which he has so far hesitated to do—and thus choke off the rebellion by drafting men into the army, requisitioning property, arresting and internment suspects without formal charges. On the other hand, the uprising could also come too late; Salan cannot possibly hope to prevail against the F.L.N. without at least partial army support, and there are signs that the longer his terrorists go on murdering Gaullist officers, the greater becomes the disgust of the French army.

Both Salan and De Gaulle are gambling on the response of the army to an uprising. Salan is convinced that the soldiers will not open fire on Algeria's Europeans, and that a sizable body of troops will actually join him. De Gaulle believes that the majority of the army will support the government because 1) it recognizes that *Algérie française* is dead, and 2) it does not wish to go against the will of the French nation, which is overwhelmingly

for an Algerian settlement. De Gaulle guesses that when the French-F.L.N. treaty is signed, the S.A.O. might seize Algiers, Oran, and possibly Bône. He is betting that the army will then obey his orders to cordon off the S.A.O. rebel cities and choke them into submission.

Man on Horseback. The French army of 1,000,000 men (about half in Algeria) and of venerable traditions has developed a schizoid personality. It is the only army in the world that has been fighting continuously for the past 22 years—World War II, Lebanon, Syria, Indo-China, Madagascar, Tunisia, Morocco, Suez, Algeria—and has either lost each war or felt cheated of complete victory. With a long record of involvement in politics, the French army played a part in the over-



SARTRE'S GUTTED APARTMENT
Some attempts backfired.

throw of each of the republics preceding De Gaulle's Fifth—except for the Third, which was destroyed not by the French but by Hitler's army.

It has also a history of producing men on horseback, from Napoleon Bonaparte to Napoleon III to the "brave général" Georges Boulanger, who failed to seize power only through a crucial loss of nerve in 1886. The first elected President of the Third Republic was a soldier, Marshal MacMahon; the last act of the Third Republic was to surrender its powers to another soldier, Marshal Pétain. The rebirth of France began when General De Gaulle disobeyed the Pétain government, which had made peace with the Nazis, and launched the Free French movement.

But no matter how volatile the army may be politically, the one thing that fills it with horror is the prospect of fighting within itself. Last week the army seemed still ready to take orders from De Gaulle—provided he gave his orders with care. That De Gaulle sharply appreciates the thinness of the balance is obvious in his reluctance to appeal for support in this crisis to any parties of the

left. To a visitor at Elysée Palace, De Gaulle said bluntly: "The left without the Communists is zero. The left with the Communists is unacceptable to the army."

Wailing Siren. At week's end Algeria still seemed a smiling white city lying between a blue sea and distant snowcapped mountains. In the nightclubs along the Rue Michelet, couples danced until the midnight curfew, although traveling strippers have taken Algeria off their itineraries. At a movie house on the Rue d'Isly, Moslems and Europeans queued up to see *Spartacus*; the line moved slowly not because of a lack of seats, but because each moviegoer was frisked for gun, knife or bomb before admittance. At sidewalk cafés, no one turned at the familiar wailing siren of an ambulance racing to Bab-el-Oued or Belcourt or Climat de France, where someone—European or Moslem—lay wounded or dead.

In their crowded tenements, Moslems listened dourly to a clandestine S.A.O. broadcast. The S.A.O. announcer told them: "You must understand we are in this country and we will never leave." And then he added: "Moslems, we are both of us in the same boat. The storm is raging. We will all be saved or we will all perish together."

GREAT BRITAIN

Cash Considerations

When Britain sold six Viscount turbo-prop planes to Peking last month, one official said wryly: "We've sent six Viscounts to Communist China—even if you count Lord Montgomery." But to the U.S. it was no joke. "We are not very happy about that sale," said Secretary of State Dean Rusk. The Treasury Department told the International Telephone & Telegraph Corp. that it would withhold a U.S. license permitting its British subsidiary to supply British-made navigational gear for the Viscounts.

Last week Britain brushed aside U.S. protests. Said an official spokesman: "This sale will go forward." As for the navigational equipment, he added, it can no longer be considered strategic material since Eastern European planes already have it. Besides, "U.S. regulations do not apply in this country."

To London the cash-on-the-line sale (an estimated \$8,400,000) meant a break in Peking's isolation from the West, perhaps a further widening of the Sino-Soviet rift. With the Vickers Viscounts go technicians and spare parts, spelling an end to Russia's grip on Red Chinese aviation. Word of new deals followed—trucks, fuel and lubricating oil, more planes.

"A completely unjustifiable deal," said New York's Republican Senator Kenneth Keating about the Viscounts. Added a State Department aide: "An airplane is not like a textile machine or wheat. It could be used against us directly."

© Field Marshal the Viscount Montgomery of Alamein returned from Red China last year rapturously describing Red Boss Mao Tse-tung as "the sort of man I'd go in the jungle with."

CONGO

The Wild Ones

The political news from the Congo sounded better. The central government of Premier Cyrille Adoula was gaining strength. Moise Tshombe of Katanga seemed to be playing along with Adoula, at least for the moment, and Red-backed Antoine Gizenga had been toppled from power. The U.S. could only keep its fingers crossed and, through the U.N., nurse along the Central Government as best it could. But other news reminded the world of an ugly fact. The Congo as a whole—Adoula's, Tshombe's, Gizenga's or anyone else's—is still a savage society.

Death Without Reason. Loose in the Congo were 3,000 wild men with machine guns, rifles, pistols, and a penchant for

in the area, the priests did, however, put up a white flag outside the mission buildings in the hope that the marauders would leave them in peace. But hardly had the troops hit town when several Jeepsloads of them showed up at the mission. Priests, nuns, black seminary students, as well as African and white refugees living there, were all marched off at gunpoint to an army camp.

Next morning the young African students were herded onto a terrace, as if to watch a show. First, 18 of the priests were whipped and brought before the terror-stricken audience. Then, as the children watched in horror, the soldiers shouted, "Now you will see how your priests die," and opened fire with their Tommy guns. "Pray for us!" cried the priests before they died. This was not the

at Sola, a tiny mission station north of Kongo; far away, in Kivu Province, another group of the rampaging troops clashed with local police at the town of Bagira, and four Africans lay dead when the smoke cleared; still more trouble was reported at the town of Kindu, where five whites were reported killed.

What alarmed U.N. officials most was a report that the unruly soldiers might regroup and head back toward Stanleyville. Word now had reached the marauders that their erstwhile chief, Antoine Gizenga, was under house arrest by Adoula's Central Government forces; the unpredictable soldiers just might decide to wage a last-ditch battle on his behalf. In case they did, a U.N. airplane flew up to Stanleyville to transfer Gizenga to Leopoldville. There the rebel was not yet under formal arrest; for the moment he was living under guard in an apartment at U.N. headquarters in the capital. But now that Gizenga had been censured by Parliament and fired from his job as Deputy Premier, the way was clear to put him on trial for his secessionist activities. He might draw a long jail sentence, and just possibly death.

This would dispose of the problem of Gizenga, but Adoula still faced the urgent need of finding a substitute who could bring troublesome Eastern Province under control. First task was to round up and disarm the savages in uniform.



GIZENGA'S TROOPS & FANS IN STANLEYVILLE
An uncomfortable fact: it is still a savage society.

bizarre murder. These were the soldiers of the Central Congolese army, who took their orders from Antoine Gizenga's secessionist Stanleyville regime. Now, with Gizenga's authority broken, the ragtag little army roamed aimlessly through the eastern Congo, with few leaders and no purpose. They needed no excuse to kill; these were the men who pounced on the 13 Italian U.N. airplane crewmen in Kivu Province last November and hacked them to pieces simply because they were whites.

Last week word of the rabble's latest atrocity reached the outside world. This time the scene was Kongo, a river town in northern Katanga which Gizenga's men occupied on Dec. 31. Outside Kongo was the modest Catholic Mission of the Holy Spirit, where a score of sandaled, white-robed Belgian fathers had calmly continued operating their school through all the months of war and political crisis: "It is God's will that we are here," they shrugged, ignoring repeated pleas that they leave for their own safety.

When word came of the soldiers' arrival

end; when all were dead, the savage troops grabbed knives and dismembered the bodies, gouging out the eyes and carving voodoo symbols on the corpses as well. When it was finally over, the students were forced to dump the remains in the nearby river.

Burning Village. It was ten days before a student who managed to escape reached Bukavu to tell his grisly tale. He could not be certain that the killing ended with the deaths of the 18 priests, for ten more missionaries and six nuns from other villages in the area were missing. In Leopoldville, United Nations Congo Boss Sture Linner conferred with Central Congolese Premier Cyrille Adoula, but there was little immediate assistance he could provide; although there were more than 6,000 U.N. soldiers keeping the peace elsewhere in Katanga, they were hundreds of miles away from isolated Kongo. And reports of incidents were already trickling in from other parts of the eastern Congo. U.N. reconnaissance pilots reported that they saw burning buildings

COMMON MARKET

Stage 2

When the intricate negotiations were finally finished, many of the compromises reached in secret sessions could only be clarified by replaying miles of tape recordings in the Common Market's four official languages (French, German, Dutch, Italian). The document signed in Brussels last week had been four weary weeks in the making, and the final, grueling bargaining session took till dawn. But in the end, the Market solved the agricultural disagreements that had threatened its progress. The original treaty had allowed member nations to postpone the second, four-year phase of the Common Market timetable until a farm policy accord could be hammered out. With last week's agreement the Six waived that right, were ready to move into Phase 2, in which national vetoes will no longer be possible.

In effect, the Common Market nations have woven all their conflicting patchworks of farm supports and subsidies, quotas and tariffs into a single system that will 1) apply to all members uniformly; 2) gradually bring long-divergent price levels to a Market-wide median; 3) encourage the heavy consumers of farm produce, such as West Germany, to buy within the family from its biggest producers, notably France.

One-Price Loaf. One of the trickiest issues had been how to finance the Common Market's proposed new fund for agricultural supports. The French wanted a sliding system that would have put the heaviest burden on Germany; the Ger-

mans wanted a fixed assessment. On this issue, the Germans had their way. On other issues, notably price, they had to retreat.

To cushion the impact of change, the agreement calls for a system of "variable levies" which, at the end of an eight-year transitional period, will replace all existing controls. Import and export prices for farm produce will be set for each country by the Common Market's central executive, which will have the power to set "target prices" (resembling U.S. support prices) for commodities and buy them for storage when high production forces down the market price. Ultimately, by gradual adjustment of target prices between nations, a loaf of white bread should cost no more in Bonn (current price per pound: 14¢) than in Paris (6¢), though Bonn won agreement that the move toward a common grain price will not begin until the 1964 harvest.

Equally important to the consumer is the Market's decision to abolish import embargoes. At West Germany's insistence, any nation may still ban key imports such as grain, wine, poultry, pork or vegetables if it fears disruption of its internal market. But after a brief grace period (example: four days for apples), a Common Market commission can revoke the ban if it appears to lack serious justification.

Irreversible Commitment. The planned eight-year transition period will see a drastic reorganization of traditional European agricultural patterns. As governments strive to make their farms competitive, countless families from Bavaria to southern Italy will be forced off marginal farms; in most cases, they will be drawn into Europe's industry, which faces serious manpower shortages. In West Germany alone, planners estimate that 1,000,000 farms will be abandoned or consolidated. (The new Market-wide fund will help compensate farmers forced off the land.)

With the settlement in agriculture, the Common Market's Phase 2 is about to begin, and will now lead irreversibly by Jan. 1, 1966 to reduction by at least 50% of all original duties, and by the end of its third phase, in 1970 at the present rate of progress, to final abolition of all remaining duties and quotas between the member states. Impressed by the agreement, Britain last week pressed with new confidence for Common Market membership, and the U.S. took a big step toward expanded trade with it (see THE NATION). Said Konrad Adenauer of the Brussels accord: "This is one of the most important events of European history in centuries."

NEW GUINEA

Setback for Sukarno

One moonlit night last week, three blips flashed on the radar screen of a Dutch Neptune patrol bomber some 60 miles southwest of New Guinea. They turned out to be three Indonesian torpedo boats racing at flank speed (40 knots) toward the Dutch New Guinea coast. Just over two hours later, after alerting two 2,000-ton Dutch frigates in the area, the Neptune dropped flares over the torpedo boats

and was greeted with a salvo of anti-aircraft fire. The Dutch ships' radar-locked 5-in. guns replied, sinking one of the Indonesian craft and forcing the others to flee. After giving chase, the Dutch ships rescued 52 survivors; about 30 Indonesians drowned, including Commodore Sudarso, deputy naval chief of staff.

Thus, after years of negotiation and threats, Indonesia's campaign to take over Netherlands New Guinea flared up in head-on fighting. The Netherlands government protested that Indonesia had been caught in "an unashamed attempt at open invasion." Arguing that his ships were only on routine patrol and in any case outside Dutch territorial waters,* Indonesia's President Sukarno summoned a special meeting of his West Irian (Indonesian for New Guinea, meaning "hot

Nonetheless, though he has four Russian destroyers and 75 fighters and bombers, and took delivery last week of four new Soviet submarines, for a total of six, Western observers agreed that Sukarno is still badly short of the air and naval transport needed for a major invasion of Netherlands New Guinea.

Sukarno's strategy meanwhile has been to land small bands of "infiltrators" in New Guinea to "show the red and white flag" of Indonesia and stir anti-Dutch feeling among its tribesmen—many of whom have never heard of Indonesia. More sophisticated New Guinea natives are mostly hostile to Sukarno's "liberation" plans. Last week in Manokwari, where the Dutch first established an administrative post 64 years ago, 3,000 dark-skinned Papuans staged an anti-Indone-



SUKARNO INSPECTING INDONESIAN TROOPS IN MAKASSAR
As usual in a crisis: arrest for his critics.

country") Operations Staff and, as usual in times of crisis, arrested 16 prominent critics of his regime. The army announced that 3,000,000 Indonesians had registered as volunteers for the invasion of New Guinea; one grim-faced army officer warned: "The Dutch have chosen to use force, and Indonesia will respond in kind."

In identically worded notes to Djakarta and The Hague, U.N. Acting Secretary-General U Thant urged both governments to refrain from "precipitate action" and resume negotiations aimed at seeking a peaceful solution. Netherlands Prime Minister Jan de Quay accepted U Thant's proposal, reported that his military commanders had orders to act with the "utmost restraint." At week's end, Indonesia's Sukarno agreed to negotiate a settlement "in conformity with the purposes and principles of the U.N. Charter."

* In practice, both sides have respected a 60-mile limit halfway between their respective coasts. The Dutch claimed that the Indonesian ship was sunk twelve miles from the New Guinea coast.

sian protest march—with encouragement from the Dutch. Waving their own red-and-blue national flag, they paraded to the strains of an old Dutch anthem. Its name: *We Want to Keep Holland*.

BERLIN

Toward Meeting No. 89

There was a faint touch of détente in the Berlin air. The U.S. removed its M-48 tanks from the threatening spot at West Berlin'sCheckpoint Charlie, the Friedrichstrasse passageway to the Communist half of the city; next day the Russians pulled back their own tracked T-54 tanks from the sector boundary.

The surface relaxation did not mean that East and West had come any closer together on Berlin basics. It now was clear that the second conversation between U.S. Ambassador Llewellyn Thompson and Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko two weeks ago had produced no progress at all. Gromyko flatly refused even to discuss the future of East Berlin,

would only talk about changing West Berlin's status. He was not at all interested in internationalizing the *Autobahn* through East Germany from Berlin to the West ("Would the British like to see the highway from London to Dover internationalized?" asked an East German newspaper sardonically). He also repeated his familiar demand that any settlement must permit Russian troops to join the U.S., British and French garrisons in West Berlin.

U.S. Secretary of State Dean Rusk still hoped that things eventually would simmer down to tacit agreement to leave things the way they are, with both sides talking on indefinitely. "What we'd like," said a State Department aide last week, "is to reach that stage when we open the morning paper and read, 'Ambassador Thompson and Mr. Gromyko held their 80th meeting on Berlin yesterday.'"

IRAN

The Price of Plain Talk

Iran's peppery Abol Hassan Ebtehaj, 62, is a talented economic planner who has strong opinions and speaks them frankly. As head of his government's Plan Organization from 1954 to 1959, he put into operation most of the big economic development projects for land irrigation, road improvement and bridge building under Iran's Seven-Year Plan. He also is a highly successful Teheran banker with a reputation for hard work and unswerving honesty. Last November he was arrested by Iranian police and carted off to jail on vague charges of extravagance and misuse of public funds.

Specifically, his interrogators accused Ebtehaj of signing, without proper authority, a contract with David E. Lilienthal's Development & Resources Corp. for a big irrigation and industrial project in Khuzistan province. Reportedly, the deal had been accepted in principle by the government, but not yet formally approved.



ECONOMIST EBTEHAJ
Too much pepper.

No one argues that the project was a bad one; indeed, his successor in the Plan Organization had promptly renewed the contract with Lilienthal when Ebtehaj resigned after an argument with the Cabinet. Moreover, at the time of Ebtehaj's arrest, no high official seemed prepared to admit responsibility for it; the Minister of Justice was ill and away from his office; the public prosecutor was nowhere to be found; Premier Ali Amini claimed he knew nothing of the case.

There was little doubt that the case had more to do with what Ebtehaj had been saying than what he had been doing. In speeches and to visitors, he had openly criticized the corruption, graft, and suppression of freedom on the highest levels of the Iranian government, even within the Shah's court. Word of his criticism reached Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi himself, leading some to suggest that Ebtehaj's real offense was *lèse majesté*.

Last week police were still holding Abol Hassan Ebtehaj "for investigation" without bail. Even Premier Amini was saying, "He is an honest man, and I hope he soon will be released." Commented the *New York Times*: "American friends of Iran can only feel distress."

PORTUGAL

Comic Odyssey

Since his days as Portugal's NATO military attaché in Washington a decade ago, General Humberto Delgado, 55, has been an admirer of General Douglas MacArthur. He is not an admirer, however, of Portugal's Dictator António de Oliveira Salazar. After Delgado fled to exile in Brazil in 1959, he began flooding his homeland with cream-colored pictures bearing a familiar slogan, "*Eu voltarei*," they proclaimed—"I shall return."

Last week Delgado disclosed that he had indeed returned, but only briefly and ingloriously. Back in Brazil after a secret twelve-day visit to Portugal that was more comic odyssey than triumphal march, he confessed that he had vainly tried to join the abortive New Year's coup at Beja (*TIME*, Jan. 12). It proved to be, he said, a most "untimely return."

Too Much for the Passport. Delgado got out of Portugal soon after he polled an uncomfortably large 23% of the vote against Premier Salazar's hand-picked candidate for President in the 1958 election. Impatient for action and convinced that "the only solution is bullets," he flew to Morocco last October to hatch a rebellion against the durable Dr. Salazar. Delgado made 18 futile attempts to sneak into Portugal, finally decided he needed a passport, a readily available item in wide-open Casablanca. The Colombian, French, Italian and U.S. passports offered to him by dealers were too expensive, but somehow he got hold of a Portuguese passport. "I found it on the street," he says with a straight face. While the plotters inside Portugal postponed the uprising from Dec. 3 to Dec. 24 and at last to Dec. 31, Delgado cultivated a disguise to match the man in the passport picture: he shaved off his sparse hair



DELGADO PLAIN & DISGUISED
Not enough fire.

("How beautiful it was," he laments, "what a shame.") He still keeps a lock of hair in an envelope, grew a thick mustache and blackened it with mascara, put on horn-rimmed glasses, stuffed a lump of metal in his right boot to force a limp and affected a severe facial tic.

Looking more like a palsied pensioner than a fire-breathing general, Delgado limped off to misadventure. He sailed across the Strait of Gibraltar—after losing two days because he missed one ferry—then drove to Seville to meet his resourceful Argentine traveling companion, Mrs. Arajaray Campos, 27. In the lining of her overcoat was sewn one of Delgado's flashier uniforms—for use in the event that Salazar's 33-year regime were to crumble in the face of his visit.

Delgado lost five more days dickered unsuccessfully for horses to cross the border, finally risked driving into Portugal by bus through a guarded checkpoint. Limping, stooping and squinting "like somebody out of a horror movie," Delgado was admitted without question, and headed straight for a grubby pension in Lisbon. "I was used to living in palaces," says he disgustedly.

Too Late for the Party. On New Year's Eve, two carloads of what appeared to be drunken celebrators roared up to Delgado's hideaway. Out stepped a man in white tie and tails. "General," he whispered, "the revolution is tonight," and off sped the cars toward the southern provincial capital of Beja to join a planned attack on infantry barracks. But it was all over by the time they got there: the attack had been beaten back, with two of the insurgents killed and 13 arrested. Delgado and his party hastily left the scene. He holed up for two days in a remote village, then caught a train to Spain and hustled back to Brazil.

"I had promised I would return to the soil of the mother country," Delgado declared last week. "I kept my promise."



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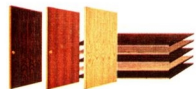
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Two in Trouble

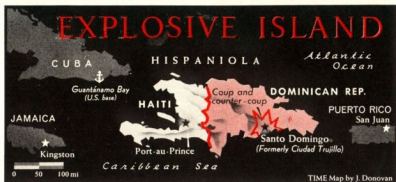
Christopher Columbus was delighted with his discovery, and wrote of the mountainous green Caribbean island he called *La Isla Española*: "So lovable, so tractable, so peaceable are these people. They love their neighbors as themselves, and their discourse is ever sweet and gentle, and accompanied by a smile."

Last week, on the ancient island of Hispaniola, the Dominican Republic at one end was still trying to recover from Trujillo, and went through two seizures of power in 48 hours. At the other end, in Haiti, the U.S. is trying to moderate one of the toughest dictatorships in Latin America.

Neither end of the island has known much peace. Within 30 years after Columbus landed, the native Indians were wiped out by Iberian diseases and the abuses of slavery. The Spaniards imported African slaves and raised sugar cane—thus drawing the covetous attention of France, which in 1665 took over the western end of the island. In 1791 the slaves rose up and began the 13-year slaughter of whites and mulattoes that brought Toussaint L'Ouverture to power and established a Haitian tradition of brutal tyranny. The Dominicans got their independence from the Spanish in 1844.

During the past century, for all their racial differences, Negro Haiti and the Latinized Dominican Republic have remained poor, tyrannized and combative.

Democracy has never been one of Hispaniola's imports. Its local roots are only beginning to grow at the Dominican end of the island, not at all in Haiti.



Democracy for Dominicans

For 48 hours last week, the Dominican Republic's fragile new democracy disappeared beneath a military dictatorship that promised to be a throwback to the days of Rafael Leonidas Trujillo. In a bold coup, Armed Forces Secretary Pedro Ramón Rodríguez Echavarría, a 37-year-old Trujillo leftover, dissolved the civilian Council of State and proclaimed his own tame junta. In Miami, two exiled Trujillos, brothers of the assassinated dictator, started cashing their cached U.S. dollars into pesos for the trip home. But having once tasted freedom after 31 years of tyranny, the 3,000,000 Dominicans were not to be so easily denied. An angry public refused to surrender, and with a timely nudge from the U.S., a counter-coup put down the dictator.

For months Rodríguez Echavarría, a onetime jet pilot, had seemed the very model of a penitent military man. He even became something of a hero for

helping break up an attempted comeback by the dead dictator's brothers last November. But the popularity soon waned, and before long Dominicans were demanding his resignation along with that of Puppet President Joaquín Balaguer, who had agreed to step down on or before Feb. 27. The general had other ideas.

Point-Blank. Warning darkly of a "Communist plot," Rodríguez Echavarría sent air force troops into the streets of Santo Domingo last week with orders to shoot to kill in case of trouble. They found trouble at the headquarters of the National Civic Union (U.C.N.), the country's strongest anti-Trujillo organization.

From the balcony, loudspeakers blared out anti-Balaguer and anti-Rodríguez slogans as four light tanks drew up before the building. Soldiers climbed a ladder to cut off the loudspeakers. A car drove up, and Rafael Bonnelly, the mild-looking lawyer and U.C.N. leader who was scheduled to succeed Balaguer as President, stepped out to protest. "Without warning," says a witness, "gunners on top of the tanks opened fire point-blank at the people." Soldiers pointed their guns at Bonnelly and shouted to their commanding officer to "get out of the way so we can shoot!" Bonnelly's aides pushed him into his car and raced away. Behind in the street lay five dead, 20 wounded.

As the news spread, mobs smashed street lights and threw up barricades. At the palace Rodríguez Echavarría arrived to face the Council with 100 troops and an ultimatum: "The Council is not working very well. I have no confidence in it." His men leveled their guns at the Council members, hustled them out to a house at Santo Domingo's San Isidro airport.

No Aid. Along the sea wall in Santo Domingo crowds hopefully awaited the return of U.S. Navy warships, which once before guaranteed the republic's budding democracy. But in Washington, with the Punta del Este meeting on Cuba about to begin, President Kennedy decided on less conspicuous muscle flexing. U.S. Chargé d'Affaires John Calvin Hill Jr., who was in Washington to advise on resuming help to the Dominicans, was sent back to his post with orders to put pressure on Rodríguez Echavarría.

At San Isidro airport, Hill delivered



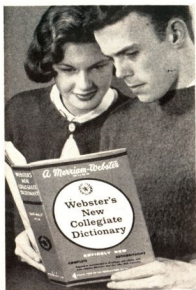
BONNELLY



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RODRÍGUEZ



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his blunt message to the general. The U.S. would not recognize his puppet junta. The U.S. would provide no Alliance for Progress help. The U.S. would close down its training program for Dominican military officers. The U.S. would cancel \$55 million worth of sugar-quota imports.

No Waiting. Next day Rodriguez Echavarría, his hopes dwindling, went to visit the Council of State hostages imprisoned at the airfield. He offered a deal: they could have the government back if they kept him on as Armed Forces Secretary. As he pleaded, a group of his fellow officers marched into the room, told him that he was "under arrest." "Wait," he said, but there was no waiting. Stripped of sidearms, he was marched off and imprisoned.

At the palace, Council Chief Rafael Bonnelly formally reconvened the Council and announced: "I am the President of the Republic and of the Council of State." He accepted the resignation of Balaguer (who had prudently taken asylum in the residence of the papal nuncio), and then came the cheers, the backslaps and embraces. The only foreign diplomat invited to the celebration: able young (40) Chargé Hill, representing the U.S.

In the streets outside, pleasure reigned. Youths on motorcycles rattled along the littered avenues dragging steel street signs and pots and pans that threw up showers of sparks from the pavement. Boys and girls sang and waved palm fronds in triumph. And trucks, cars and delivery scooters jammed into central El Conde Street, their rapturous passengers pounding hoods, fenders and roofs in an endless two-three, three-short rhythm for "*En-fín, Li-ber-tad!* [At last, Liberty!]"

Tyranny for Haitians

In one of the closest approximations of a free election in all of Haiti's dictator-ridden history, François Duvalier won the presidency in 1957 on his record as a selfless country doctor fighting disease among his country's poverty-stricken peasants. But after four years, Haiti's 3,750,000 Negroes are still no better off (annual per capita income: less than \$100), and the Duvalier regime has turned into the traditional model of a dictatorship, gobbling up graft and relying on strongman methods to keep itself in power. All the while, Duvalier, who in the past four years has received some \$30 million in U.S. aid to keep his people from starving, angrily insists that Washington send him still more dollars.

Until the demands are met, the Duvalier regime has fashioned its own means of gathering pelf, at an estimated rate of \$6,000,000 a year. Last year his private army of thugs called the *Tonton Macoute* (creole for "bogyman") circulated among Haiti's foreign and domestic businessmen soliciting "contributions" of up to \$40,000 for a fancy housing project called Duvalierville. Some who refused to ante up were brutally beaten. The situation got so far out of hand that the diplomats of the U.S., Britain, France, Canada, Italy and Germany lodged strong protests with Duvalier's foreign office on behalf of their

frightened nationals. The foreign ministry's reply: "You say your people are afraid. Of what?" Snapped one diplomat: "They are afraid of the bogyman."

The angry diplomatic protests two months ago eased the shakedown of foreign nationals. But this is unlikely to end the bogyman's depredations against their own people.

The *Tonton Macoute*, estimated to number 5,000, take care of individual oppositionists. Uncounted hundreds have been hauled off to Fort Dimanche, outside Port-au-Prince; some have been blinded by the beatings, some deafened, some killed. Newspaper Editor Madame Yvonne Hakim-Rimpel was kidnapped from her home by *Tonton Macoutes*. She was taken to a local lovers' lane in St. Martin woods, beaten, raped, and mutilated. Says a foreign diplomat: "Duvalier's real contribution to Haitian history is government by gang. He is the king of the bogyman."

The U.S. continues to support Haiti with a minimum of aid and a U.S. Marine training mission. But the U.S. has implied that Duvalier will get no large-scale Alliance for Progress loans until he institutes some basic reforms and muzzles his thugs. To cut off all help, Washington argues, would mean even more misery for Haiti's jampacked (almost 400 per sq. mi.) population. As a European diplomat in Port-au-Prince put the dilemma: "If you help Haiti, you are keeping a gangster in power. If you don't, you're being cruel to a poor Negro people."

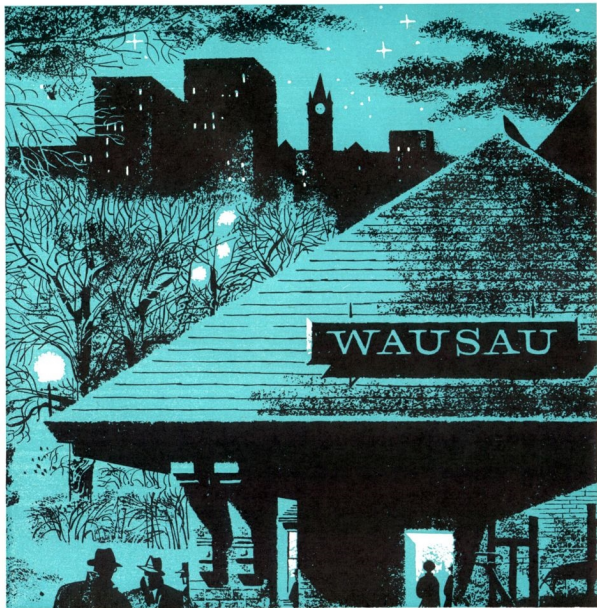
THE AMERICAS

Off to Punta del Este

In a Uruguayan seaside resort called Punta del Este, 21 nations of the Western Hemisphere gather this week to decide whether to censure Castro, crowd him with sanctions, or merely live in discomfort with him. Castro himself is taking the meeting seriously. Heading Cuba's 40-man delegation to the hemispheric foreign ministers' meeting is his puppet President, Osvaldo Dorticos, a traveler to Moscow who ran for local office on the Communist ticket as far back as 1948. At his elbow as the delegation's "adviser" is Carlos Rafael Rodriguez, editor of Cuba's Communist daily *Hoys*.

From all signs, they would peddle a soft coexistence line, arguing that Cuba's Marxist course is its own, and that it has no designs on other countries, and thus should not be ostracized. For weeks Castro's pitchmen have been haunting Latin American foreign ministries, berating the U.S. and stressing Cuba's traditional ties with its neighbors.

But also before the house will be a report issued last week by the five-nation Organization of American States Inter-American Peace Committee. The committee accused Cuba of converting itself into a Red satellite, of attempting to subvert its neighbors, of violating human rights by executing and imprisoning political dissenters. It would be a hard report to ignore for those Latin American nations which want only a mild reproval for Cuba and no sanctions.



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PEOPLE

At the 52nd anniversary dinner of the Poetry Society of America, Honorary President **Robert Frost**, 87, was served up a bronze bust of himself done by Economist and Sunday Sculptor **Leo Cherne** (mused Frost: "It doesn't have to look like me; if it's a good bust, it's all right"). Then came the airy dessert: a morsel whipped up by Shelley Award Winner **Theodore Roethke**. A poetaste:

*I like New England men,
Their women now and then.
Of poets they're the most—
But mostly Robert Frost.*

Presidential Special Assistant **Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.**, 44, Pulitzer prize-winning historian of *The Age of Jackson*, was obviously relishing his closer-in vantage point on the Age of Jack. With his leave of absence expiring, Braintruster Schlesinger resigned his lifetime Harvard chair to cast his lot with Washington instead of Cambridge.

Hardly expected to survive 1957 when he took over the Tory Government in the rolling wake of Suez, Britain's **Harold Macmillan** was entering his sixth year as Prime Minister with a hankering for many happy returns. Chirped Macwonder, rattling off the records of Disraeli (steppingdown age: 75), Churchill (80) and Gladstone (84): "There are some very respectable precedents for a stripling of not quite 68."

There was still much ado about the nothing worn (above the waist, anyhow) by frail Model **Christina Paolozzi**, 22, in a full-page Richard Avedon photograph published by *Harper's Bazaar* in the January issue. The clothes-horsing magazine



MODEL PAOLOZZI
Ado about nothing above the waist.



FROST, FORMER POETRY SOCIETY PRESIDENT CLARENCE DECKER & CHERNE
A bust is not a bust if it's good.

identified Manhattan-born Christina as a "Contessa" (she insists she is not), proudly admired "the classic spirit, abhorring the demure and falsely modest." But the photo was agitating the female press corps to its foundations. Tartly advised Syndicated Columnist Inez Robb: "The excursion into overexposure has unwittingly proved that not diamonds but clothes are a girl's best friend."

When the money began to come in by the bags from his *Room at the Top*, British Novelist **John Braine**, now 39, became less interested in the Angry Young Mania of his compatriots, joined a Yorkshire branch of the Rotary Club. But by last week, he was once again ready "to retreat completely from a world which every day I find nastier and nastier." Anti-Bomb Activist Braine did not expect to be troubled by the big bad world for long. Reminded of his prophecy of last year that "there won't be a 1962," he alibied: "Perhaps I just slipped a digit. What is a year? At least when a writer makes a mistake, it doesn't do you any harm, but the politicians. . ."

Finding his career in banking somewhat "constricting," Britain's **Viscount Eden** of **Royal Leamington Spa**, 31, sportive bachelor son of the ex-Prime Minister, bounded off into a new enterprise—a London tourist agency. For fees ranging up to \$300 weekly, the former swain of Princess Alexandra was cooking up services ranging from auto renting to ticket broking, and an added come-on for visiting Vants: "Introductions to the right people."

The cinema set's interminable State of Their Union messages were as bearish as ever. Out of the Manhattan apartment he shared with Actress **Rita Gam**, 33, stormed Second Husband (and Viking Press President) **Thomas Guinzburg**, 35. Miss Gam sighed that the trouble "all seemed to date from the time Tom stopped smoking," hoped that the separation would be "a little temporary." At the same time, evergreen **Joan Bennett**, 51,

had gotten so used to her longtime on-and-off separation from Producer **Walter Wanger**, 67, that she decided to file for divorce. "It will all be very agreeable," said she of the fade of a 22-year marriage, which was interrupted once before—in 1952, when Wanger served 15 weeks in jail after jealously shooting Miss Bennett's agent in the groin.

Life was becoming increasingly litigious for privacy-seeking Poet **e. e. cummings**, 67, ("I use capitals ONLY for emphasis"), who last fall went to court for resisting plumbing improvements to his Greenwich Village digs. Latest *cause célèbre* was a complaint that his printer and a book dealer had peddled a number of his original manuscripts without authorization. Cummings was so agitated that he signed the lawsuit with upper-case initials.



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These 4 timbered Norman inns are worth the trip to France.

Hostellerie Guillaume le Conquérant in Dives-sur-Mer. This inn is right out of a French fable. Its towering gateway opens to a courtyard crowded with old, ornate fountains and amusing statues. You'll dine, as William the Conqueror did, in an 11th Century banquet hall, its roof heavy with carving, its roaring fires crusting an appled pig. Sip the night away on friendly Calvados, or slip off to a fabulous room once slept in by the elder Dumas. And such a room, breakfast and dinner will cost only \$8—complete.

Hôtel de la Couronne in Rouen. The oldest inn in France, this is a beautiful example of 14th Century architecture. Its walls are crisscrossed with smoky timber. Its windows open to Joan of Arc's tragic square. And its kitchen is superb. There are no rooms at the inn, but you can spend a memorable evening over the delicate Pâté de Caneton de Rouen, the local fillet of Saint Pierre smothered in Norman Hollandaise, followed, next, by the Coquellet from the friendly fireplace and finally, a great cheese. Price: just \$2, price-fixed.



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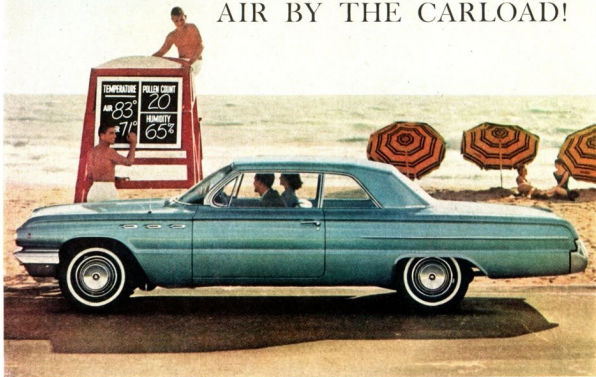
Auberge Saint-Maclou in Rouen. Deep in the artists' quarter of Rouen, down an old brick street, you'll find this auberge. Tiny, simple, inexpensive, it's one of the finds in France. The first floor is terraced in ancient red tile. Old stone walls, primitive antiques, apple green goblets and a riot of flowered Norman pottery will put you in the mood for the good, rich, cream-and-butter cooking. You can have a delicious dinner here for \$1.50, price-fixed. And a simple but immaculate room with modern conveniences for \$2.25.

Auberge du Vieux-Puits in Pont-Audemer. If you're mad for French Provincial collector's items, Heaven waits in Pont-Audemer. This auberge was converted from a tannery into an inn decades ago. It has all its original charm and one of France's most colorful antique collections. Exciting as the menu is, it's hard to keep your eyes off the pewter and brass. But you'll enjoy great Norman cooking here for \$3.50 à la carte, and a fine room with a shower for a mere \$4.

For a list of charming inns and other information on Normandy, write: Dept. T-2, Box 221, New York 10. French Government Tourist Office: New York, Chicago, Beverly Hills, San Francisco, Miami, Montreal.

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MUSIC

Harris No. 8

Modern music, according to Composer Roy Harris, has "gotten off the track; it went for dissonance, and that's a dull palette; but America is going to come out of that." To help speed the escape, Composer Harris, 63, has produced vast quantities of music in the folksy, melodic style that put his name on the U.S. musical map 30 years ago. Last week, still waging the good fight for consonance, Harris heard his eighth symphony given its premiere by the San Francisco Symphony. It proved to be as strong a score as Harris fans have heard in years.

Written on commission from the San Francisco Symphony, which is celebrating its 50th season, Composer Harris' new work is titled *San Francisco Symphony*. But it is actually intended as a musical evocation of the life of St. Francis of Assisi. Harris began work, he says, when he was flying across the country at 33,000 ft.—hence the music's "quality of aspiration." Often rising at 3 a.m. and working through until midnight, Harris finished his 22-minute symphony in one month. As played last week, it had all the ardor, the sinewy strength, the luminosity and clarity of theme of Harris' best works. Among the more unusual touches: an amplified piano, played by Harris' wife Johanna, that at times seemed to envelop the entire orchestra.

The San Francisco Symphony, which started 50 years ago as a part-time job for bawdyhouse musicians, has a special appeal for Composer Harris: he got his first real acquaintance with symphonic music while working as an usher for the orchestra, soon decided to become a composer. Now, several hundred compositions later, Harris is a guest lecturer at U.C.L.A.,

but he is a resident of Puerto Rico, where he teaches at the Inter-American University and composes more furiously than ever. He was not even slowed down by a bad auto accident several years ago in which his right knee was smashed into 20 pieces; he went right on working in the hospital, turning out his massive, 55-minute *Folk Fantasy for Festivals*. Now recovered (doctors had predicted he would never walk again), he works on several compositions at the same time, often taking his inspiration from famous historical figures.

Although he thinks "some very good twelve-tone music has been written," he deplores the "sycophants" who insist on it. Some of his other opinions are equally unfashionable: there is no reason, says Harris, why symphonic music should not try to express specific, literal themes. Now that he has finally put St. Francis on paper, he plans to finish a symphony on Walt Whitman and an oratorio on the life of Christ.

Grownup *Nutcracker*

"I'm running a restaurant," says the New York City Ballet's Choreographer George Balanchine. "I have to serve a different dinner every night, and I can't overburden the kitchen. But once a year I want to give a banquet." Last week Balanchine served up the biggest banquet of his career to an audience that paid up to \$100 a head. The occasion: the premiere of Balanchine's most ambitious ballet, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Although Balanchine has created 55 works for his City Ballet, and by his own count "made up enough steps to feed the world for 100 years," he had never before attempted a ballet as massive as the evening-long *Midsummer Night's Dream*. (His longest previous effort: *The Nutcracker*, which as a children's matinee attraction has become the most lucrative work in City Ballet's repertory.) Moreover, in turning to Shakespeare, Balanchine had violated one of his own favorite theories—that ballet should be pure dance and should not tell a story. But what attracted him was not so much the Shakespeare plot as Mendelssohn's familiar incidental music to *Midsummer Night's Dream* (the overture was written when the composer was only 17). Balanchine had wanted to work with the music ever since he first heard it as a boy in St. Petersburg, and he got his chance when City Ballet patrons raised \$80,000 for a new production.

Balanchine started by using only the *Midsummer Night's Dream* music, but as the ballet grew he tossed in other bits and pieces of Mendelssohn—the overtures to *Son and Stranger*, *Athalie*, *Fair Melusine*, the *Symphony for Strings No. 9*, the "First Walpurgis Night" from *Faust*. He did all the choreography in two months and was still tinkering with the ballet almost to the time the curtain went up.

Midsummer Night's Dream proved to



LUDLOW & HAYDEN IN "MIDSUMMER"
Hosannas for Mr. Mendelssohn.

be first-rate spectacle and only intermittently good dance. The sets, by Designer David Hays, were superb—particularly his stylized forest of plate-sized green leaves, spread in a gigantic canopy across the stage—and the costumes by Karinka were as opulent as any the City Ballet has ever displayed (the corps de ballet's wispy costumes cost \$400 apiece; Oberon's gold lamé tunic, \$1,200). With a cast of nearly 100, most of the emphasis was inevitably on swirling group movements and splashy stage effects: clouds of smoke pouring over the footlights into the orchestra pit, Titania coming onstage with a magnificent retinue. There were also some deft characterizations and some fine bits of choreography: a fluent, elegant *pas de deux* between Conrad Ludlow and Violette Verdy, an elastically lyric solo by Edward Villella as Oberon, a wonderfully comic and closely knit dialogue of movement between Melissa Hayden as the Queen of the Fairies and Roland Vazquez as Bottom, wearing a donkey's head.

But *Midsummer Night's Dream* went on too long. Mendelssohn's music soon began to sound too sugary, and Balanchine, although unfailingly clever, offered few novel ideas. Nevertheless, he and the City Ballet had produced a sure crowd rouser ("Every night," said Balanchine, "I go to bed and say 'Thank you, Mr. Mendelssohn'"). Chances were excellent that *Midsummer Night's Dream* would become exactly what its backers hoped—"a *Nutcracker* for grownups."

The Parma Affair

The provincial city of Parma (pop. 89,300) harbors the toughest opera audience in Italy. Local legend has it that the great Enrico Caruso, singing *L'Elisir d'Amore*, was once all but booed from the stage in a performance that did not please Parma's exacting gallery. Next day a cabbie refused to take him to the sta-



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tion. The hack driver's reason: he did not want to dirty his carriage with such a bad singer.

Parma, birthplace of Toscanini, takes such a fierce pride in the standards of its Teatro Regio that at one time or another Parmensi have booed virtually all the big names in Italian opera. "Go back to Rome, fatty!" shouted the galleries after the late Tenor Beniamino Gigli hit a sour note. Toscanini swore never again to step into the Parma pit after a heckler upset a 1912 performance of the *Forza del Destino* overture by shouting "Maestro, the violins are out of tune!" But lately the gallery gadflies are getting even sharper—or performers are getting softer. Opera has almost been run out of town.

Fear of Tomatoes. The trouble started in December when Italian Tenor Ruggiero Bondino, 27, screeched out an unwritten high C in the first act of *Traviata*. "Bl eater!" screamed the galleryites. "Go back and join your goatherd!" Later, for the benefit of Conductor Arturo Basile, they added: "Kill the conductor as well as the tenor!" Tenor Bondino beat a timorous retreat to his hotel under police escort. Early the next morning he fled back to Rome rather than face the enraged Parma gallery in other scheduled performances of *Traviata*. Soprano Rosanna Carteri, also appearing in *Traviata*, fainted from tension, wailed as she was assisted to her dressing room: "It's dreadful having to sing with the thought that every time I open my mouth I might finish with an overripe tomato in it."

Following the Carteri incident, even veteran Soprano Renata Tebaldi lost her voice from fright before a Parma performance of *Bohème* ("I can't sing to-night; something has tightened my throat up," said she), and Conductor Basile, in an effort to appease the gallery, fired four of the weaker members of the cast. It was all too much for Milan's Opera Singers' Union. Unless the manners of the gallery improved, said the union, its singers would be forbidden to appear in Parma.

Bad Barber. Gallery spokesmen met with Conductor Basile and insisted: "We don't want the impossible, just the listenable." But in Parma, where almost everybody knows the operas of Verdi and Puccini by heart, and where youngsters pack the galleries instead of going to football games, the "listenable" is not easy to achieve. Tenors Corelli and Del Monaco, Sopranos Callas, Tebaldi and Stella, among others, have failed to achieve it. Famed Baritone Tito Gobbi fell so far short in a performance of *The Barber of Seville* that the opera was booed to a halt after the second act. Newspapers the length of Italy argued the Parmensi's right to sound off, and last week 80 Teatro Regio regulars announced a temporary truce. They gave a grand reconciliation party in the Café Verdi to soothe harried Conductor Basile. But it was still uncertain whether opera in Parma would survive its own fans. Said one of the unrepentant faithful: "We're reconciling with Basile now so that we can start picking on him again next year."



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MEDICINE

Health Care in Britain

"My wife fell off a horse during a fox hunt," recalled the rich board chairman of a British appliance company, "and she went into Charing Cross for a tricky operation. They pinned her shoulder so it wouldn't go out." London's Charing Cross Hospital is one of the grimmest barracks of 3,119 hospitals run by Britain's National Health Service, and the fox-hunting wife went in as an NHS patient. Explained her husband, politically a Conservative: "In a private hospital, my wife's operation would have cost me \$700, but we got it

first full year. Workers' contributions have been upped in stages to 39¢ a week, and there are now partial charges for prescriptions, appliances, eyeglasses and dentistry.⁹ And the National Health Service will cost more than \$2.4 billion in 1961-62, still with only 16% coming from payroll taxes, 6% from charges, and the balance from the Treasury.

Freedom of Choice. All Britons are taxed for NHS, and they are free to use as much or as little of it as they choose. In fact, more than 98% use it. Only rich and conservative holdouts rely exclusively on private care. But a growing number

mainly on where they live. Britain has almost enough doctors: one for every 1,100 people (as compared to one for 830 in the U.S.), but they are badly distributed. General practitioners are scarcest and in greatest demand. Most of southern England and the big cities have plenty, while rural areas and small towns in the north are doctor-starved. There, NHS sometimes has to let one G.P. sign up 4,000 patients. The general maximum allowed is 3,500, and the average list is 2,280.

• Does this lead to assembly-line medicine? In many cases, yes. Now that Britons have medical care as a right, they do not hesitate to use it. But hypochondriacs' abuse of the right, a problem at first, has subsided.

Sign & Site. NHS's biggest failure has been in not building enough new hospitals. Most of those it inherited were built before 1900. Many lack central heating and use sooty, coal-burning fireplaces to give a grudging, uneven heat. Some have no elevators, or plumbing is so scarce that nurses and male patients queue up for the same toilets. Except for wartime "temporary" units, Britain had not opened a single new hospital in 19 years until 1958, has opened only eleven since then. Outside a Midlands city stands a fading 1938 sign, "Site for new maternity hospital," but no hospital.

The ten-year postwar delay in getting new hospitals started is largely due to NHS red tape. A London surgeon complains: "When you plan a hospital, you figure two years for blueprinting, two years for planning, two years for getting it through this and that committee, and three years for the Ministry of Health and the Treasury. You start to build in ten years."

The result: patients have to wait interminably for beds except in urgent cases. Even doctors with genuine emergencies are often told: "Sorry, no beds." Then they dial 999, the all-purpose British emergency number, and get an ambulance. Somehow, a bed is always found for a patient who arrives in an ambulance.

G.P.s as Clerks. The major complaint of doctors comes from G.P.s. They say they are overworked and underpaid. Their average of \$6,800 a year is close to par for all British professional men (generally underpaid by U.S. standards), but is only about half what the specialists make. Worst of all, for general practitioners, is their feeling that they are being reduced to the status of medical clerks. Says a Yorkshireman: "The G.P.'s job is to be a sorter and referrer."

But all in all, doctors and patients now take NHS for granted. Explained a Glasgow doctor: "It's like the income tax—part of our way of life. We moan about it, but we can't imagine being without it." At St. Bartholomew's Hospital's first-rate Medical College in London, Dean D. F. Ellison Nash said: "We couldn't have kept up with diagnosis, treatment and medical care without a national service." A London painter: "It's not all that good, not for what you get out of it. But abolish it? Not that, mate!"



DOCTOR & PATIENTS IN NHS CHILD CLINIC
Some wounds are wrapped in red tape.

free. NHS takes a tremendous load off my mind."

Womb to Tomb. State-run health insurance for employed workers, which metamorphosed into NHS, celebrates its 50th anniversary in Britain this year. NHS as such is now 13 years old. Most Britons, while they are keenly and vocally aware of its shortcomings, would not want to get along without it.

A middle-class mother in the West End emphasized the emotional security it confers: "To go back to the kind of medicine we had before, to that fear of illness, would be a nightmare." A lift operator, who has had nine operations, said: "I couldn't get on without it. Walk into a hospital and it doesn't cost you a penny. Ring up your doctor and he'll be there straight away."

What does such security cost? When wartime coalition governments adopted the womb-to-tomb plan fathered by Sir William (now Lord) Beveridge, it was estimated that NHS might cost only \$500 million a year. Workmen's payroll taxes, to be applied to NHS costs, were set at 9¢ a week, to yield an estimated 10% of total costs, with no charges for prescriptions, eyeglasses or dentistry. The deficit would come from the Treasury's general tax funds.

But it actually cost \$1.1 billion in its

of Britons, 1,200,000 now as against 100,000 when NHS began, now have some private medical care as well. Some use this as a status symbol; others as a backstop to NHS, to get quicker care and more quiet and privacy.

NHS users are free to choose their doctor and to change doctors when they wish. Britain's doctors are in turn free to choose whether they will join NHS or not; 98% have chosen to do so. They may join the service and still take private patients on the side, for fees. If they stay out, they rely on private patients entirely.

With all these freedoms on paper, many questions arise in practice:

- Does the government interfere in doctors' methods or practice? Not in detail. It urges them to prescribe inexpensive drugs and British-made drugs whenever possible. But most doctors say they can now prescribe what is best for the patient without worrying about whether he can pay for it.

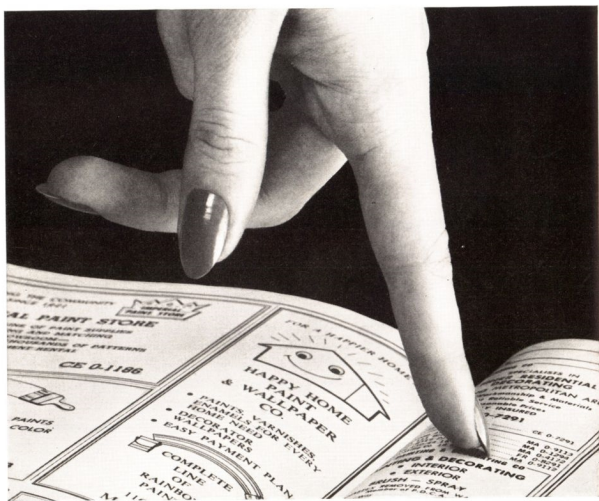
- Do patients have to wait too long because doctors are too busy? It depends

9 For each prescription, 28¢ (average cost to NHS has risen since 1949 from 40¢ to \$1.03); from \$3.50 to \$5.90 for spectacles; up to \$2.80 for dental treatment for a single condition; up to \$14 for a set of upper and lower dentures. No charges are made for children's eyeglasses or dentistry.



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The message on the opposite page is one of a continuing series by Mead Johnson Laboratories to increase public understanding of the doctor and of the varied roles he performs in American life today. Our objective is to strengthen the patient-physician relationship, and to focus attention on the fact that the system allowing you freely to choose your physician—and your physician to freely practice medicine without legislated restriction—is the key to continued excellence in medical care.



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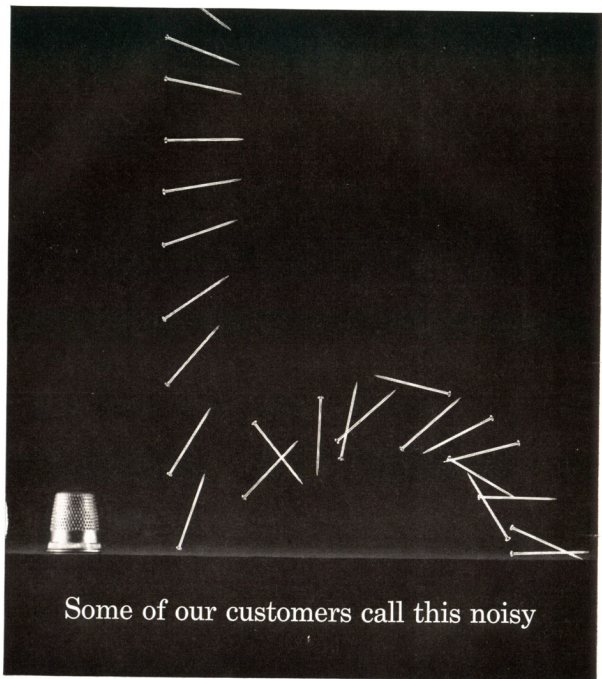
Is it any wonder that the practice of medicine is a personal service of vital importance to all of us? Is it any wonder that it demands the highest standards of professional conduct and competence?

The practice of medicine is truly the ultimate in one human being's service to another...the sort of service you must be able to choose—and change—freely to fit your own needs. It is the kind of service relationship which requires mutual respect and confidence and the kind of individualized attention which cannot possibly be reduced to legislated regimentation.

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MODERN LIVING

DESIGN

Amber Wink

By 1963 the flashing front turn signals on all new U.S. cars will be changed from white to amber.

The Automobile Manufacturers Association, which announced the new design switch last week, began testing new colors in 1958. It concluded that amber signals are more readily observable by oncoming motorists. The customary white lamps too often get lost in the glare of white headlights at night, or in sun reflection (from chrome) by day. Before the automakers could crank up the change, they had to get 25 states to change motor vehicle laws to allow the use of the amber lamps. Oklahoma—the last state—agreed last July.

THE RICH

Having a Marvelous Time

When the New York Couture Group's stable of fashion "experts" named Jacqueline Kennedy No. 1 among the world's best-dressed women, there was little surprise: they like publicity; Jackie is news. She spends a lot on clothing and obviously has style. No. 2 was a name far less familiar—Mrs. Loel Guinness.

As any reader of *Vogue* or *Harper's Bazaar* can testify, Mrs. Guinness should be better known. She has a lean figure, the profile of a latter-day Neferiti, and hair like black velvet. At 47, Gloria Rubio von Furstenberg Guinness is a classic example of a woman who knows what money can do—and does it with grace. Her husband is related to the famed Guinness brewing clan and is a multimillionaire (banking, airplanes, etc.). They scorn café society's more redolent haunts; they are just rich people who maintain a bejeweled private life, do nothing deliberately to attract publicity.

The Guinnesses have an apartment in Manhattan's expensive Waldorf Towers, a villa in Lausanne (with a bowling alley in the basement), a 350-ton yacht that plies the summer Mediterranean, a seven-story house on Paris' Avenue Matignon ("My husband is a perfectionist, and so he would rather build a building than live in an apartment"), a stud farm in Normandy, and a mansion near Palm Beach at Lake Worth, Fla. The Florida property is divided by U.S. Highway A-1-A, faces the lake on one side and the beach on the other; the two halves are connected by a specially built tunnel under the highway that Mrs. Guinness has had decorated with furniture and screens painted by a young French artist she is interested in. They also keep three planes—an Avro Commander for short hauls around Europe, a small jet, a helicopter for Loel Guinness' hops between the Lake Worth house and the Palm Beach golf course.

All These Homes. Does this multiplicity of havens mean constant anxiety, brought on by decisions, decisions, decisions? Not for Gloria Guinness. "In a

way," says she, "it is a very bourgeois little life we lead. So many people think it is difficult keeping all these homes, but I believe it is easier to keep five than one. You can't possibly spend twelve months at any one place."

Since the Guinnesses keep moving from one house to another through the year, they found that packing and unpacking could become quite a chore. Loel Guinness hates luggage anyway, so the two keep complete wardrobes at the ready in each of their homes. Thus they need travel with nothing more than the clothing on their backs ("You don't have to waste time in customs, and you don't have to declare anything. It's wonderful!") and, of course, their constant retinue—two chefs, kitchen maid, permanent maid, valet and three chambermaids—who can lug any last-minute packages.

The skeleton staff is a necessity, since the Guinnesses would much rather entertain than be entertained. "I give many more dinners in Paris than in the States," says Gloria. "All the lonely boys come to see us. Actors, writers, scientists, professors, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, members of Parliament, Art Buchwald. It is exciting! When anybody comes to town they call up and we ask them to dinner. It is delightful, and so much more fun than the planned formal party."

At Lausanne, she plays hostess to any of her favorite people who happen to be passing through: Truman Capote, Yul Brynner, David Niven, Noel Coward. At Lake Worth, the Guinnesses can usually count on people in the Kennedy orbit, including the fun-loving Kennedys themselves; at one party, held when Jacqueline Kennedy was in Florida recently, Gloria and Mrs. Kennedy had a high old time

doing the Twist® on the tile floors by the patio. Says Gloria: "It's a gay, amusing life."

It was not always so. Born in Mexico, Gloria moved to New York when her father, Writer José Rafael Rubio, crossed ideologies with Dictator Porfirio Diaz. In 1933, she was shipped off to Europe, and two years later married Count Franz von Furstenberg. When Hitler came to power, Gloria and her two children, Franz and Delores, fled to Madrid while her husband stayed on in Germany. In Spain, she got a "friendly" divorce that was to help her get exit visas, but the visas never came through, and the count married another woman (and fathered Actress Betsy von Furstenberg). Gloria met Guinness in 1949 on a yachting trip, married him in 1951.

Sudden Vulgarly. Much of her wardrobe is designed by Balenciaga ("He has been dressing me since 1938") and Givenchy. In Paris, she keeps "very elegant, very different" gowns. She wears Chanel suits only in Lausanne, because, she says, so many others wear Chanel suits in Paris and New York. She never wears shorts ("You have to be a girl to wear shorts; nobody but a child looks right in them"). In her early Palm Beach days, in fact, Gloria was torn by a dilemma. A dress was too chic for downtown wear, she decided, and of course shorts wouldn't do. "So I appeared on Worth Avenue in trousers from Capri." Suddenly everybody was wearing Capri pants, and "suddenly

© This was after Jackie's look-alike, Stephanie Laye Javits, wife of the nephew of New York's Republican Senator Jacob Javits, was seen *Twilight* at a Fort Lauderdale nightclub, precipitating a news report that it was the First Lady herself (*TIME*, Jan. 5). The White House indignantly set the matter straight, making clear that Jackie would never Twist in public, certainly not when her father-in-law was seriously ill.



MRS. GUINNESS AT ONE OF HER FOUR HOMES (IN LAKE WORTH)
Also two chefs and a valet, five maids and a chalet.



BEGINNERS AT BUFFALO SKI-DEK
Plowing through the pile.

they became vulgar. In a way, I am to blame for all that happened."

Her favorite "at home" costume during the day is a comfortable robe; she picks them up for about \$12.95 apiece in Manhattan. She buys her underwear in the U.S. "because it is so much better than in Europe. You go into Bonwit Teller and buy a girdle, size small, and you get it home and it fits. It's unbelievable! Incredible! You can't do this in Europe!" It is not so simple with hats, however, which "must be made on your head. A ready-made hat will not be your. While I am sitting for a dress, I sit ten minutes longer, and Balenciaga works on a hat."

Little Diamond Things. Gloria rarely takes any designer's ideas without insisting on changes. She will have Balenciaga take off a button here and there, change the collar, or even have him run up something out of a skirt from this dress, the neckline from that, the sleeves from another.

Gloria Guinness keeps busy all the time and insists that she is never bored. When she is not giving a dinner party ("always include one person who talks well or laughs") or moving on from yacht to plane to villa to house, she likes to encourage young artists, designs "little diamond things" to be made up for her by Cartier's, helps her husband in the photo darkrooms. Right now, she is writing a play about permissive parents called *Why Must Women Have Children?* "It will probably be absolutely lousy. The producer I showed my first play to looked at me and advised: 'Burn it.' But I'm enjoying it. I'm having a marvelous time."

LEISURE

The Inside Slope

For the skier who cannot get away to the mountains, there is now the Ski-Dek Center. Here he can enjoy the pleasures of an ersatz ski trip on an indoor moving mountain, whipped by air-conditioned breezes, inspired by hand-painted alpine

scenery—and surrounded by all the comforts of a bowling alley.

A Ski-Dek operates like a huge, carpeted Escalator without steps. An upward-moving belt covered with a rug of white Caprolan fiber makes a ski area approximately 20 ft. by 55 ft. Wearing 30-in. "shorter" skis, the skier pushes off from the top of the platform, makes headway against the moving belt, which literally pulls the rug out from under him at speeds that can vary to simulate different slopes and snow conditions. The pile in the rug is thick enough to act something like snow, permitting the skier to execute all the standard turns.

The Ski-Dek is a project of G. David Schine, 34, onetime aide to the late Senator Joe McCarthy and now president of Schine Enterprises (hotels, movie theaters, bowling alleys, radio stations, and a fleet of sightseeing boats). Last week Schine opened his first Ski-Dek Center (nine deks) in Buffalo in a converted neighborhood movie theater.

The company plans to sell franchises for the centers, estimates that the operators will earn more than 25% annual return. Admission fee for adults starts at \$1.50, includes skis, boots and poles. Says Ski-Dabbler Schine: "The idea captured my imagination the first time I heard of it. Skiing is fashionable. It's healthy and clean."

THE CITY

Next: the Slurb

Growth is an article of faith with Californians. They are scarcely wary for the promised day—perhaps no more than a year off—when California will overtake New York as the most populous state in the Union. (The 1960 census gave New York 16,782,304 to California's 15,717,204.) To keep up with the state's fabulous growth and get ready for still more, California's builders have energetically churned out new subdivisions, new highways, new schools, new water projects—

new everything. But last week, over the din of bulldozers and carpenters' hammers, a citizens' committee sounded a note of alarm and warning. In the heedless rush to keep up with the demand for more and more, warned the committee, the builders are transforming California into a mass of "slurbs—sloppy, sleazy, slovenly, slipshod semi-cities."

The warning came in a 63-page study made by Samuel E. Wood and Alfred E. Heller for a group of leading Californians who last year formed a non-profit organization called California Tomorrow. Their report concedes that various communities are trying to plan intelligently, but says that the planners are defeating themselves because of the lack of a master plan. "Although the dough looks good," say Wood and Heller, "the cake is not rising and the reason is simple: nobody wrote out a recipe."

A Bloody Nose. California has "a serious, progressively disastrous lack of co-ordinated land planning and development. In spite of all efforts to the contrary, California's unique bright land is increasingly defiled by badly located freeways and housing subdivisions and industries which needlessly destroy beautiful scenery and entomb agricultural land; by reservoirs and watercourses which unwittingly encourage the growth of mislocated communities; by waste products; by cars and jeeps and cycles which pre-empt our very living and breathing space. Already, the state's nose is bloody. How long before its whole magnificent body is beaten to deformity? How long before the bright lands are dead lands?" Every Californian can cite his own pet example of the suburban blight. In San Francisco, the famed waterfront was threatened by a new elevated ramp until a group of aroused citizens forced the state to suspend construction. In Sacramento, highway builders propose to split the city in two with a thoroughway that will require the demolition of several of the city's most cherished historical buildings, which happen to stand in the way.

Grizzly's Paws. California has a state office of planning, which is supposed to coordinate the efforts of the local and state groups that now blissfully ignore one another. But the office of planning lacks policy and money (it operates on \$90,000 a year). This is "almost incomprehensible in the light of the fact that California will spend some \$55 billion on public-works programs in the next 20 years. Can anyone imagine a private corporation spending that sum without the guidance of a comprehensive plan to make every dollar count?"

Unless the planners coordinate their planning and quickly, the report warns, California will be headed for harder times. "For we continue to have 1,500 new neighbors a day, a half a million a year; monstrous misplaced freeways; salty ground water supplies; park land scuffed and trampled like a pitcher's mound; a grey stink in the air. And like the great California grizzly, the slurb paws its way across that land of gold."

CONSUMER
PROGRESS SHARING
REPORT FROM
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Rustproofing?

Rambler spills more than others use

Silent scourge of automobiles is rust, which normally starts *inside* body panels and girders.

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Every Rambler body is Deep-Dipped—*right up to the roof*—in a huge, 40-foot-long tank of rustproofing primer paint. Hundreds of gallons surge inside the girders and pillars, reaching corners, crevices, curved areas.

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body alone goes through a 9-step procedure which reveals, just by listing, how fighting rust is practically an obsession with Rambler.

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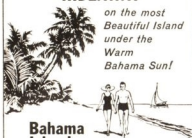
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THE THEATER

Emotional Inquest

Who'll Save the Plowboy? (by Frank D. Gilroy). The husband, Albert, guzzles false courage out of beer cans. The wife, Helen, darts his socks and whines testily. "When was the last time you cut your toenails?" She is not so much asking a question as emitting a fixed tone signal, an S O S of day in, day out desperation. "Death or a new stove, I'll settle for either one," she says. The shabby New York apartment is like a tank of formaldehyde preserving the couple's dead marriage, dead hopes, and dead selves.

A visitor stirs the tank. Larry had been badly injured in World War II while saving Albert's life in combat. At remembrance, they act out the awkward, bantering joviality of two men who have only a 15-year-old memory in common. But Larry's questions become pressing, his manner grave. Is Albert happy? Why didn't he buy the farm he used to dream of so longingly that Larry nicknamed him "the plowboy"? Where is the child whom Albert named after Larry? Between them, husband and wife desolate the visitor with unsparing revelations. The farm was bought and bankrupted. The marriage is a sterile sham punctuated with joyless infidelities. And when the play at length gives away its key secret, the monstrous lot of the child, Larry's disillusionment is complete, for it turns out that he is dying of his old wounds and wanted to assure himself that saving Albert was not for nothing. At play's end, all that remains is to face despair with decency.

Despite O. Henry-like plot twists, *Plowboy* is a gritty and gripping play. Frank D. Gilroy sees character with 20-20 vision and he can shape the grey, doughy speech of the inarticulate into revealing patterns. Gerald O'Loughlin makes Albert a hollow but pitiable clown; the burnt-out, empty eyes of Rebecca Darke's Helen are as lifeless as pits on the moon; William Smithers' grey-faced Larry has the strength to bear the unbearable.

Who'll Save the Plowboy? is a slice-of-life play, but in its spare and honest intensity it slices closer to the center.

No Pity for Parents

The Cantilevered Terrace (by William Archibald) is about a family that is distant in love, close in hate. Indeed, the hate is running so high that three minutes after the curtain rises, the son is plotting to have his best friend push his aging parents off a cliff to their deaths. The play, like the family, is haunting and irritating, eloquent and garrulous, terrifying and petulant, half gem and half paste.

The rich Perpetua family is a representative tyranny. Each member feels free to call a spade a spade, thus turning it into a hatchet. The hatchet is then buried in the skull and heart of a loved one. All are good at this bloody game, but Mother (Mildred Dunnock) is champion. To Mother, domestics, children and husbands

are lower orders of nature. To God, whom she seems to despise as a greater snob than herself ("God is like a very famous person to whom an introduction is impossible"), she says, "Do I have to come at you and cut you down?" She has cut her son (Colgate Salsbury) down to a homosexual, her daughter (Marcie Hubbert) to a bewildered emotional waif, her husband (Don McHenry) to a mumbler of prayers in his pillow.

Yet Mother, and Father too, are being cut down by the terrors of old age: "Surfaces that were once level tilt." Life has become a cantilevered terrace that has



DUNNOCK IN "TERRACE"

A spade is a spade is a hatchet.

taken a crazy tilt. A letter read by Father evokes a vision of the children when they were tots frolicking fondly with their parents, and as Mother sings a Christmas lullaby the first-act curtain descends on a twilight reverie of bygone tenderness.

But the children as adults are steely, unforgiving judges. The second and last-act curtain sees the son's friend trailing the parents on his murderous mission. Playwright Archibald is wise enough to know that parents are loved and hated because they are parents and not necessarily for what they do and do not do, but he cannot achieve the emotional distance from his subject to move his son and daughter characters past love and hate to understanding.

The Cantilevered Terrace consists of conversation to the extent that a watermelon consists of water, but the play's poetic juices run far too purple. The drama is static, but often as electricity is static. None too likable, the characters assert their right to respect as well as humiliation. As a failure, *Terrace* exerts more magnetic pull on a playwright's success.

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RELIGION

The Tenth Man

For the Jewish community in the historic German city of Worms, a commonplace ceremony this Sabbath takes on special significance. A 13-year-old boy, Ilan Walzer, will be ushered into manhood at his bar mitzvah, and though the rite elsewhere is primarily an occasion for rejoicing by family and friends, to Worms it means that the city will now have ten adult Jewish males, the number set by Talmudic law as the minimum for a Jewish congregation. The Jews of Worms already had a synagogue; last month Vice Chancellor Ludwig Erhard and other West German dignitaries attended the dedication of a new \$125,000 structure, which replaced a medieval synagogue gutted by the Nazis in 1938. But the city's Jewish community, once 1,200 strong, is so small that until this week it could not even provide the essential "tenth man."

Hitler's Monument. Today Worms and all of Germany (West and East) are as Hitler intended, largely *judenfrei*—free of Jews. Before the advent of the Third Reich, Jews numbered 760,000 in a nation of 66 million; German life and art were immeasurably enriched by the work of such Jews as Physicist Albert Einstein and Composer Kurt Weill. Thousands fled the Nazis; thousands more died in the concentration camps. There are now no more than 30,000 Jews—including some 3,000 who escaped from Eastern Europe—among West Germany's 55 million people, and only 1,900 among East Germany's 17 million.

In most of the 73 German cities and towns where Jews live, worship rooms in community centers take the place of synagogues. There are only a dozen rabbis in the country, and no theological seminary to provide new ones.

A characteristically wry Jewish joke is that the Germans have reached the point of forgiving the Jews for what the Germans did to them. Despite occasional outbursts of anti-Semitism—three weeks ago rowdies toppled most of the gravestones in the Jewish cemetery at Barsinghausen—Germany's Christians have made many amends. The West German government has paid out \$3.4 billion in postwar reparations to the worldwide Jewish community (with \$2 billion more still to come), and it has cracked down hard on swastika painters. Thirty-one German societies promote Christian-Jewish friendship.

"We Can Never Be Friends." Dachau and Buchenwald loom large in Jewish memories; one householder suspected that his surly postman was an unreconstructed Nazi, only to discover that the man was a lifelong socialist who had spent years interned in a concentration camp. Most of the German-born Jews who fled abroad have refused to return home, and the few who have come back are cautious still. "We work together with the Germans," says the production manager of a clothing firm in West Berlin, "but we can never be



ERHARD SPEAKING AT DEDICATION SERVICE OF WORMS SYNAGOGUE
Some hope in a new generation.

friends. They either feel guilty about what they did to us, or they are sorry to see any of us still here."

To post-Hitler German youth, Jews are almost as exotic as Javanese. Karl Marx,² editor of the Jewish weekly *Allgemeine Wochenzeitung* (circ. 48,000), reports that students snatched to him on his lecture tours, tell him in awe: "You are the first Jewish person we have ever met." In sharing the Germany of this new generation, some of Germany's Jews regard themselves as a reminder to Christians of the sins of the past, and as a continuing litmus paper for testing the country's democratic intentions. "There has not yet been any test of Germany's democracy," says Heinz Galinski, 49, the leader of West Berlin's Jewish community. "Such a test comes only during difficult times. But we have hope in the generation now coming into its own."

After Christianity

The Organization Man in the Lonely Crowd that makes up the Affluent Society is also known, among some religion writers, under another capital-lettered phrase: he is Post-Christian Man. In the latest issue of the quarterly *Theology Today*, two Protestant theologians debate how

2 No kin.



ALAN W. RICHARDS
WEST
VINCENT S. D'ADDARIO
MORGAN
Does God want religion to be attacked?

fairly and accurately the term post-Christianity describes the times.

To Presbyterian Bruce Morgan, professor of religion at Amherst College, the age is truly post-Christian; those who dismiss it as just one among many periods of history dominated by nonbelievers "fail to see the uniqueness of our time." He doubts the contention of Harvard's Paul Tillich (*TIME* cover, March 16, 1959) that ordinary men, beneath their daily concerns, are still haunted by the "ultimate questions" that lead to the Christian answer: God.

He wonders, at least, "how accurately this describes the 'well-adjusted' mid-twentieth century man, beautifully trained to a high level of mass consumption. This man is extremely difficult to describe as one who finds his ultimate concern in death, let alone God. Death tends to become a technical matter, representing more the struggle between the physician and the mortician than between life and death. He is anxious, disquieted and often desperate, but his anxieties seem oriented around his professional and social status, his sexual relations, and the dislocations of a revolutionary world."

The Missing Bedrock. Morgan concedes that there have always been skeptics. But in the past, there always "remained a substratum of theologically integrated assumptions to which reference could be meaningfully made": monotheism, moral order, afterlife, sin. But modern man has rejected the assumptions, and even when he goes to church, he is deeply infected by doubt. He knows that "for millennia his ancestors lived in an era with other bedrock assumptions than his own, an era which can be called Hebrew-Christian," but modern man "no longer lives in that era, and what is more, he no longer wants to."

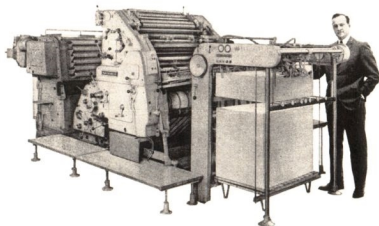
Christians, says Morgan, must ask themselves what is the meaning of this deeper

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skepticism in the divine plan, and discover how to speak and act in a time which assumes that God is dead. "But we will surely not learn or be taught if we operate on the assumption that our extremity is less severe than in fact it is."

The Secular Mood. Presbyterian Charles West, who teaches Christian ethics at Princeton Theological Seminary argues that Morgan has improperly defined the age; it is more post-ideology than post-Christian. "It is not just theologically integrated Christian assumptions which are being questioned by the modern secular mood, but all religions, and even all ideological attempts to give meaning to reality as a whole and man's destiny in it. Salvation by Psychoanalysis. Communism and Existentialism are all fighting the same battle for survival today alongside the remnants of the *corpus christi-anum* against the post-religious world."

To West, the spread of secularization is not necessarily evil and not necessarily new. God's Word has always had to struggle for life within the corruptible forms man has devised to honor his divine creator. Thus the "explosive which is crumbling our religious institutions and ideas" may even be the work of the Holy Spirit — the "negative consequence of the work of God himself in history."

Finally, West argues, Morgan's reflections on modern man ignore the fact that "secular men are trying to be human, are confronted with all manner of honest questions and problems about what this means in an organized industrial age, questions which tempt them sometimes to set up new religions, even when they know in their heart there is neither truth nor power in them." Rather than attack this new man, the Christian should be content with the discipline of private prayer and with quiet service to his fellow man until God's intent becomes clear. This "hidden" Christian existence will be "a source of hope" for a world seeking light and guidance. "Perhaps it would help both us and our secular neighbors to understand what it means to call our world post-Christian were we to spell it out in acts of obedience to the Lord of that world. 'He that doeth the will of my father shall know of the doctrine.'"

A Change in Stress

How do Lutherans differ from Roman Catholics? The question might seem elementary, but the Board of Parish Education of the United Lutheran Church was not satisfied with the existing literature. Six years ago, the board ordered a new textbook, to be called *The Difference*, for use in adult catechism courses.

Last week the 21 members of the Board of Parish Education voted unanimously to forget the whole idea. "At the time the course was projected," explained Dr. Arthur H. Getz, a member of the board, "it may have been timely to stress the difference between Roman Catholicism and Lutheranism, but more recently the emphasis has been upon conversations between the two faiths, and stress is being laid upon understanding each other."



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THE PRESS

Tiny Prodigy

As he thumbed through the Philadelphia *Bulletin* one afternoon, Walter H. Annenberg, publisher of Philadelphia's morning *Inquirer*, paused to ponder a full-page ad. That his *Inquirer* carried no such ad concerned him less than the ad's message: a Philadelphia TV magazine called *TV Digest* had reached a healthy circulation of 150,000. Annenberg took immediate action. For about \$3,000,000 he bought not only Philadelphia's *TV Digest* but similar magazines in Chicago, Washington and New York, added new editions of his own, and stitched them all together under the name of *TV Guide*.

Thus, in April 1953, was born the tiniest weekly bargain on any newsstand. *TV Guide's* pages are 2½ sq. in. smaller than the *Reader's Digest*, a periodical designed for pockets. What it sells for 15¢—principally the week's program listings—is a staple of the daily press. The same schedules are available in more than 400 other TV magazines, many of them peddled free by pharmacies, supermarkets, department stores and gas stations. But *TV Guide* has one powerful claim to distinction: with more than 8,000,000 in paid circulation, the tiniest magazine on the newsstands has become the biggest weekly magazine in the U.S.

One in Four. Despite its multitude of rivals, *TV Guide* has no serious competitor; it is a pocket-size giant surrounded by envious pygmies. Since its creation, *TV Guide* has added circulation at the rate of 700,000 a year. Publisher James T. Quirk, 49, expects circulation to climb to 12 million—a figure that would put *TV Guide* in every fourth TV home.

The magazine already smothered the U.S.—and part of Canada—with 63 editions, varying from a high of 1,500,000 (metropolitan New York) to a low of 10,000 (Tucson). Even more editions are in the works; Quirk plans to level off at 75. This blanket coverage gives *TV Guide* what amounts to an impregnable monopoly.

Nor has the steady increase of TV magazine supplements in the Sunday press materially affected *TV Guide*. Although all four Chicago papers print TV magazines, *TV Guide's* Chicago edition has managed to hold its own. In New York the *Herald Tribune's* pocket-size Sunday TV magazine, the only one in Manhattan, has done *TV Guide* no damage—and the *Trib* no noticeable good. In 1955, when its TV magazine was started, the *Trib's* Sunday circulation was 550,000; it is 451,270 today.

TV Guide prospers on a circulation formula that bends many of the rules of the magazine publishing business. Although it does not discourage mail subscribers (\$14 million), neither does it actively encourage them, beyond printing clip-out coupons in the magazine. It sells more copies in supermarkets (3,300,000) than it does by mail (3,000,000), and it is also distributed by beauty parlors, barber shops and



TV GUIDE'S ANNENBERG
Big audience for a little list.

auto supply stores. Of its 63 editions, only 14 are printed in the Philadelphia plant of Annenberg's Triangle Publications, Inc. (the Philadelphia *Inquirer* and *Daily News*, the *Daily Racing Form*, the *New York Morning Telegraph* and *Seventeen*); the others are job-printed in 13 locations across the U.S.

Riding the Tube. The 32-page editorial package produced at the magazine's Main Line headquarters in Radnor, Pa., is custom-designed for televiewers. Apart from the listings, it rarely contains more than 10,000 words of text, a reading dose readily digestible during an evening's commercials. There are a few short articles on the never-never world of TV, a page of generally toothless criticism, a crossword puzzle beamed at the intelligence quotient of the shoot-'em-up crowd. (Sample crossword puzzle: "Car 54. Where ____ You?") Of late, the magazine has erupted in a rash of impressive bylines—Eleanor Roosevelt, Political Scientist Leo Rosten, U.S. President-to-be John F. Kennedy, who exhorted televiewers to demand more honesty in TV political coverage—in a deliberate campaign to gild *Guide's* public image. But *TV Guide's* earned reputation for accurate listings remains its prime asset.

Although *TV Guide's* profits are a carefully kept secret, its editorial costs are low—an estimated \$4,000,000 a year—and the take is high: last year *TV Guide* grossed nearly \$40 million. Having attached itself to the big tubes glowing in 47 million homes, *TV Guide* is a healthy organism fattening along with its host, a reference work as handy as the phone book. Other magazines may go in the magazine rack, but the *Guide* stays on top of the TV set, a viewer's indispensable chart through shallow channels.

Dicky-bird's Flight

"A bad blunder has been made by the Queen's advisers, and it is hard to see how they will extricate themselves from the booby trap." The London *Evening Standard* spoke like a firm but indulgent nanny; half a dozen other London papers chimed in with dismay, outrage, chagrin. Cause of the clamor—and envy: the news that Antony Armstrong-Jones is going to work for the opposition.

Armstrong-Jones, besides being Princess Margaret's husband, is also the Earl of Snowdon and, until his career ended in marriage, he was a competent freelance photographer. Weighing all these credentials, Roy Thomson, Canadian-born publisher of 93 papers, had hired Tony as "artistic adviser" to Thomson's prestigious London *Sunday Times* (circ. 1,022,913). The salary—a reported 7,500 quid (\$21,000)—was regal enough on Fleet Street. But the rest of Fleet Street promptly hollered foul.

Jealousy Showing. At first the London *Sunday Observer* (circ. 727,964), which is challenging the *Times's* Sunday supremacy, was shocked almost speechless. Its initial notice of the Earl's new job ran 17 deadpan words. Then the *Observer's* wrath spilled over. "Everyone, including the *Observer*," observed the *Observer*, "has said that a royal marriage should not preclude Lord Snowdon from doing work. But we believe he has chosen the wrong kind of job."

Even while pleading the impropriety of Margaret's spouse's becoming a newsman, the *Observer* could not hide its jealousy. "It will inevitably seem unfair to rival newspapers and magazines that the Queen's close relative is used for the enrichment of the Thomson empire."

Jungle Screams. Although no other paper felt quite so strongly, few but Thomson's *Sunday Times*, which had Tony in the bag, could resist sounding off. The London *Daily Sketch* puckered with a mild case of sour grapes: "Lord Snowdon sharpens his artistic genius for readers of the *Sunday Times*," Cassandra (William Connor), London *Daily Mirror* columnist, was moved by amusement: "Now Tony Snowdon, as the *Observer* calls him [to Cassandra, Tony was a royal Dicky-bird], has flown from Kensington Palace to the jungle that is Fleet Street. In a trice, the macaws, the parrots and other screaming birds in the inky undergrowth have set up a-screaming and a-yelling that splits the eardrums."

Amid the general chorus of disapproval (including the charge that Thomson wanted to use Tony to land a peerage), a few mild voices rose: "The *Mirror* hopes Mr. Jones will stick to his job." If he didn't, added the *Mirror* slyly, Tony was more than welcome on the *Mirror's* staff—"at considerably less money."

About the only person who did not offer an opinion was the Dicky-bird himself. He was on holiday with his princess, spreading his feathers to the Antigua sun, waiting to shoulder his new duties next month. And keeping his beak shut.



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EDUCATION

The Russian System

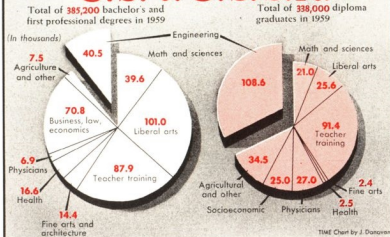
A big and somewhat frightening book last week gave President Kennedy a text for the opening announcement at his news conferences. The book was the National Science Foundation's last-word analysis of the Soviet system of education, which reports that Russia's much publicized output of scientists and engineers has "markedly accelerated."

Kennedy reported that in contrast to the Soviet effort, U.S. universities are now enrolling and graduating fewer students in engineering, biological and physical sciences than in the peaks of recent years. At a time when the need for highly skilled Americans is sharply rising, he warned, the "inadequacy" of the supply is "one of the most critical problems facing this nation."

The N.S.F. report was written by Nicholas DeWitt, 38, a bearlike (250 lbs.) native of the Ukraine who owes his un-Slavic name to Dutch-German ancestors. A onetime aeronautical engineering student in Kharkov, he made his way to Boston in 1947, got an M.A. in international and regional studies at Harvard, and took out U.S. citizenship. He is now an associate at Harvard's Russian Research Center, and one of the West's leading experts on Russian education.

An Army of Technicians. DeWitt is not a doomsayer blind to the weaknesses in Soviet education. But he warns bluntly: "There must be no misunderstanding or underestimation of the Soviet scientific and technical manpower buildup. It has become the principal source of Communist strength." The Russian goal is clear: to create an army of scientists and engineers who will build a physical power superior to the West's. To do so, Russia now spends as much on education as the U.S., though it is only half as rich, and it gets more of what it wants for its

U.S. v. U.S.S.R.



money. In the 1960s, Russia will probably produce 1,000,000 university graduates—of whom 2,500,000 will be scientists and engineers, more than twice the likely U.S. output.

At the A.B. level, 57% of Russian degrees are in science, engineering, medicine and agriculture, against 25% in the U.S. (One-third of the Soviet engineering students are women, as compared with less than 1% in the U.S.) Three-quarters of Russian Ph.D. candidates are in the same fields, compared with 40% in the U.S.

DeWitt finds that the quality of Soviet training in technological fields is at least as good, sometimes better than in the U.S. and Western Europe. One reason is early exposure: physics is introduced in the fourth grade, and one-third of the Soviet secondary curriculum is devoted to science and mathematics. Moreover, says DeWitt, the very specialties that the state gives top priority are those freest from Marxist hobbles. The result is first-rate training.

The Unfavored Many. Nonetheless, Russian education has serious shortcomings. The median schooling completed by Russian adults is still only four years, compared with eleven in the U.S. Enrollment in Russian higher education as a whole is still considerably smaller than in the U.S. (see chart). The number of Russian youngsters aged eight to 14 was 36% lower in 1959 than in 1939 (because of heavy wartime losses in the fertile age brackets), threatening a critical shortage of skilled labor. Sweeping reforms of the Soviet school system (TIME, July 18, 1960) now send most of these youngsters into industry after eight years of school. Some of them may continue in part-time school; only a very small minority can study full time.

Writing in *Izvestia*, Russia's Nobel Prize-winning Physicist Igor E. Tamm recently criticized this policy as no way to nurture real talent. Tamm fears that potential scientists are being lost to fac-

tory work, argues that competitive exams should determine university admission rather than the widely used standard of "political consciousness." Tamm also envies the freedom of U.S. professors to conduct pure research, contrasts it with the Soviet system. Russian professors carry a teaching load of 20 hours a week, far more than U.S. professors. The Russians thus fall behind their fields, says Tamm, and cannot teach as well.

U.S. Flexibility. In contrast, the ground-swell trend in U.S. education is not only greater opportunity, but also less narrow specialization. Russian universities cannot match the efforts of M.I.T. and Caltech aimed at preventing graduates from becoming technologically obsolete almost overnight. At M.I.T., for example, the entire curriculum is being broadened to emphasize underlying principles, a systems approach, and even humanities. The goal: men who can roll with the future.

DeWitt is fully aware that turning out technicians is a narrow educational goal. If the aim is "to develop applied professional skills, enabling the individual to perform specialized, functional tasks, then Soviet higher education is unquestionably a success," he says. But if, as the West believes, the aim is "to develop a creative intellect critical of society and its values, then Soviet higher education is an obvious failure."

The trick for the U.S. is thus to meet the critical shortage of scientists and technicians, as Kennedy says, while 1) shunning any slavish imitation of Russian goals, and 2) strengthening the U.S. lead in the liberal arts that produce broadly creative men.

He That Hath a Trade

Posted throughout Dunbar Vocational High School are cards bearing a Ben Franklin motto: "He that hath a trade hath an estate." The exhortation is hardly needed at the rambling tan brick school



RESEARCHER DEWITT

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Address Public Relations Dept., Beech Aircraft Corp., Wichita 1, Kansas, U. S. A.

on Chicago's squalid South Side. To its 2,300 youngsters, 99% of them Negro, Dunbar is a life raft in a sea of poverty. It is perhaps the most effective vocational school in the U.S.

Dunbar's importance lies in harsh statistics: 30% of U.S. high school students never graduate; the rate hits 50% in some blighted urban areas. As automation invades new fields, as unions make old fields tougher to enter, the unskilled drop-outs are almost unemployable. Unwanted, they wallow in anger and sometimes crime. The U.S. can ill afford such "social dynamite," wrote James B. Conant recently in *Slums and Suburbs*. At Chicago's Dunbar,⁶ Conant was delighted to find just about "the ideal in vocational education."

Dunbar's students get a crack at 28 skills, from welding to aviation electronics. And they get the backing of a school

(and drop out less often—the rate is only 7½%) than those at many academic high schools. Discipline is well in hand. Future aircraft mechanics are too busy peering into a jet engine, or revving up a mounted piston engine, to get into much trouble. In the auto shop, young tinkers stay out of trouble with "outside jobs." At Dunbar, a price-wise Chicagoan can get a Cadillac engine overhauled for \$160, v. \$350 at the factory.

Academic work is not skimmed: Dunbar requires four years of English, three years of science and social studies, two years of mathematics. The problem is how to make this palatable for future beauticians and bricklayers. Dunbar has a handy solution: it puts all machinist students in the same math class, for example, so the teacher can deal not only with abstractions but also with applications of math to machine tools. Dunbar's graduates also



RENFRO



SEWING CLASS AT DUNBAR VOCATIONAL HIGH SCHOOL
A life raft in a sea of poverty.

administration, largely Negro, that is fiercely dedicated to upgrading Negroes on the economic scale—first by the best possible training, second by fighting for job opportunities. Assistant Principal Victor D. Lewis recalls, for example, "a big decorating firm downtown that wouldn't hire a Negro, even to clean a brush. Now one of our people is a foreman there. We simply produced a good decorator and challenged them to hire him."

Too Busy for Trouble. Dunbar keeps in close touch with the job market, constantly seeks to raise its high level of basic training. The school's 37 shop teachers all have at least ten years' outside experience, stay well up on new techniques. Stressing meat-and-potatoes training that will pay off on payday, they talk up the benefits of belonging to a union (many do themselves).

To produce "employable" graduates, Dunbar insists on promptness and tidiness. The students work harder and longer

acquire enough academic work to enter college if they wish to (10% to 15% do). Says Principal Joseph J. Dixon: "We never want to close the door on further education."

Proud Pay Stubs. Dunbar keeps the door open for dropouts from other Chicago schools, holds afternoon classes for unemployed youngsters in everything from job hunting to repairing electric toasters and preparing for civil service exams. In the evening, it teaches new skills to 3,100 adult students. Moreover, some of Dunbar's teachers have their own outside businesses and hire graduates. "Our problem is not placement," says Dunbar's Assistant Principal Everett M. Renfro. "It's training more people." Nor do Renfro and his colleagues fear automation. "We don't think of it as wiping out jobs," says Renfro, "but as creating new ones."

Dunbar's bulletin boards are full of its graduates' most satisfying diplomas: their first paycheck stubs. Last week one teacher proudly pointed to two more \$176 (weekly) stubs, brought in by new bricklayers. "They get dirty after a few weeks," said the teacher. "But I always know there'll be fresh ones."

⁶ Named for Paul Laurence Dunbar, the 19th century Negro poet who wrote:
But it's easy 'nough to titter w'en de steez is smokin' hot,
But his mighty ho'd to giggle w'en dey's unfin' in de pot.

ART

Foggy Final

Murmuring scholarly pleasantries, a pride of art professors and museum officials gathered amidst the grainy oak paneling and ostentatiously plain furniture of Manhattan's Harvard Club, only to find the place set with traps. For cocktail-hour amusement before a dinner of the Friends of Harvard's Fogg Museum, the Fogg's director, tweedy John P. Coolidge of the Boston Coolidges, had arranged a jolly academic jape: the walls were hung with forged art—or was it all forged?

One of the first items in the quiz was a Crivelli *Pietà*, and the trick was to tell what part was original and what part had been restored. Except for certain slick parts, most of the crackled surface seemed beyond reproach. It might even have fooled the Fogg, had the man who donated the painting not also given two photographs of it, one taken in 1907 and the other in 1909. The earlier photograph showed that before restoration about half of Christ's body had been peeled off.

The test went on to two heads, one by the 16th century Italian painter Annibale Carracci and one an excellent copy by a contemporary. But the most fiendish items were three drawings of a *Mother and Child*, all apparently Picassos.

The Foggmen had taken extraordinary pains with these. To produce the two forgeries, they made a printed facsimile of the original. They then went over the reproductions with charcoal, smudging a bit here, rubbing a bit there. They went over the signatures in pencil, even reproduced two tiny fungus growths that appeared in the original. As a final touch, they placed one of the forgeries in the handsome frame and mat belonging to the original.

Even the secretary of the Fogg flunked this question—not to mention the chair-



ARNOLD NEWMAN

PAINTER MONDRIAN (1942)

MONDRIAN'S "WINDMILL" (1905)



SIDNEY JANIS GALLERY

man of Princeton's art department. Other guests scored themselves on sheets of paper, compared their verdicts with the officially announced facts, and quietly crumpled their papers. One expert was too cagey to take the test at all. "I could say," said James Rorimer, director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, "that I can't see without my glasses." A trifle icily he added: "People shouldn't come in to a dinner party and give offhand opinions about what's genuine and what's fake. They don't in the medical profession."

Purist

The meticulous grilles of Piet Mondrian look as if anyone with a ruler and a paintbox could have done them. The delight they inspire as design has strongly influenced architecture and graphic advertis-

ing. If, upon familiarity, they now seem somewhat sterile, they were no mere gimmick but the deadly serious result of a lifetime of intellectual search for the truth beyond the surface of reality. Seldom has an artist traveled a more complex route to achieve such striking simplicity.

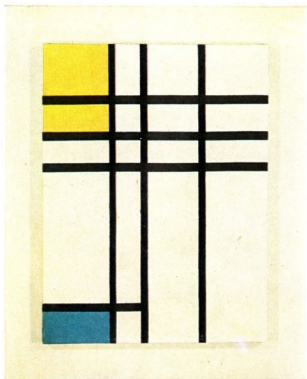
Last week Manhattan's Sidney Janis Gallery had on view a small retrospective show that traces some of the steps along that route. It begins with the year 1903 when Mondrian, then 31, was painting the common sights of his native Holland—houses and windmills, rivers and canals. As the years passed, Mondrian began to strip away the outer layers of nature to reveal its skeletal geometry. A tree was not made up of a trunk and branches but of horizontals and verticals. When Mondrian painted a flower, he was primarily interested in its "plastic structure."

To Find the Constant. Though Mondrian admired the impressionists, he had no desire to follow in their steps. Nor did the cubists go far enough. "Instinctively," he wrote, "I felt that painting had to find a new way to express the beauty of nature." He decided that the colors of nature could not be reproduced on canvas, so he gave up "natural color" for "pure color"—the primaries, red, yellow and blue. He also gave up all effort to reproduce natural forms, for these, he said, were at the mercy of the artist's subjective feelings. What Mondrian was looking for was the "constant elements of form," the "pure reality" in nature that was forever immune to emotion.

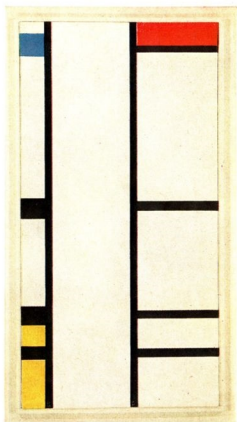
The curved line gradually disappeared from Mondrian's paintings, and his verticals and horizontals inevitably created rectangles. Eager to scourge any suggestion of form from his work, Mondrian insisted that these were not rectangles, for in his definition a rectangle could exist only beside another form that contrasted with it. He argued, for example, that a rectangle placed next to a circle would



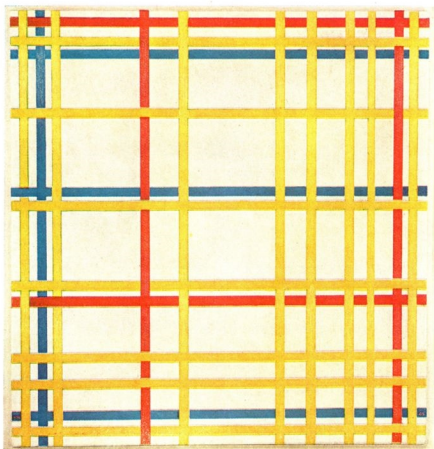
DIRECTOR RORIMER WITH FAKE (LEFT) & AUTHENTIC PICASSOS



MONDRIAN'S *Composition in Blue & Yellow* is artist's effort to express universal order lying hidden beneath nature's skin.

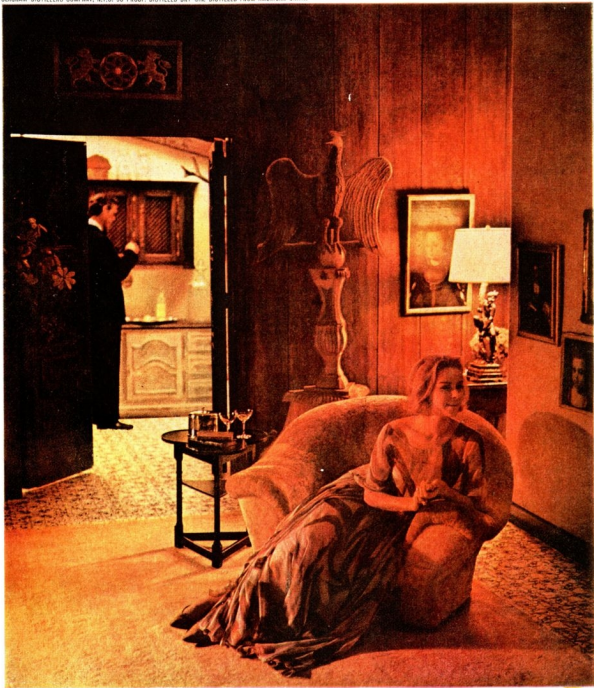


CONTINUING THE THEME. *Composition in Red, Yellow & Blue* expresses the constant in nature by the right angle, the variables in nature by colors.



"NEW YORK CITY 1" is homage to bright grid city Mondrian loved. Before settling on pattern, Mondrian tested it with plastic tapes.

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take on an individual identity; when compared only with other rectangles it loses its individuality and becomes a universal. Mondrian was determined to destroy everything that shackled his painting to outer appearances or confused the face of nature for its inner reality.

To Catch the Rhythm. The process of destruction—or liberation, as Mondrian saw it—continued. For many years he filled some of his rectangles with primary color. But in time Mondrian came to feel that these rectangular planes were too dominating and would somehow have to be destroyed. His solution was to drain the color from the rectangle and pour it into the lines. The unhampered play between the verticals and horizontals then seemed to produce a kind of rhythm, a “dynamic equilibrium” that was like the pulse of life.

Mondrian did not begin experimenting with his colored lines until after he came to Manhattan during World War II. He loved the city with a passion that was exceeded only by his love of boogie-woogie. Like the music, the city had its rhythm, and this Mondrian tried to reproduce in his painting of New York, one of the last things he did before his death of pneumonia in 1944. In the Janis show, two unfinished paintings reveal the struggle that went into such a work. Mondrian used plastic tapes while trying to find the right design; he would lay them out, remove them, lay them out again. Where must this line cross that? How far should this color be from another? In any painting these are important decisions; in a Mondrian they are crucial.

Mortimer, Not the Medici

As a patron of the arts, the U.S. Internal Revenue Service has made Lorenzo the Magnificent look like a piker. The law, tolerantly enough, lets people give paintings to a museum, take current appraised value as a deduction from taxable income, then keep the paintings in their homes for life (TIME, Nov. 24). But many a giver wants to get an extra measure of tax advantage by inflating the value of the gift. The method is to get an “expert” to pin a false appraisal on the work; the Government has not often questioned the appraisals. In one case, a dealer sold a painting for \$7,000, but at once appraised it, for the purchaser's philanthropic “tax purposes,” at \$24,000. In another case, an artist, giving three of his paintings, took a deduction of \$75,000—and his “expert” turned out to be the caretaker of the benefiting museum. (The artist had never been able to sell one of his own works for more than \$250.)

Last week Internal Revenue Service Commissioner Mortimer Caplin indicated that he was tiring of the Medici role. Henceforth, he declared, his field agents would insist that all appraisals on donated works of art would have to conform to realistic market value. Warned Caplin: “The service is not required to accept appraisals merely because they were prepared by ‘expert appraisers.’”

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Franklin D. Roosevelt at Warm Springs, Georgia, where he enjoyed spending leisure hours in the 1930's.

Successful Failure

Solemn as a team of surgeons emerging from a hospital amphitheater, scientists from the National Aeronautics and Space Administration last week reported on an operation of their own. Operation Echo A12, they said, was highly successful—but the patient died.

The operation began when a Thor rocket took off from Cape Canaveral just before dawn carrying a canister containing



ECHO A12 BALLOON SPLITTING
The picture became the thing.

a tightly folded deflated balloon of plastic film and aluminum foil. This was Echo A12, an experimental successor to Echo I, the 100-ft. radio-reflector that was launched on Aug. 12, 1960, and is still orbiting the earth. Echo A12 was not expected to orbit; its job was merely to expand in space and test a new kind of aluminized film that would stay rigid after the gas that blew up the balloon had escaped through meteor punctures.

When the rocket was 150 miles up, the canister containing Echo A12 was released by explosive bolts. Retro-rockets fired, slowing the burned-out Thor, while small stabilizing jets in its nose kept it pointed at the departing canister. Still aboard the rocket were cameras.

Scientists gathered around a TV screen at Cape Canaveral, watched the canister soar free. Out swelled the silvery balloon. It took shape swiftly—too swiftly. The balloon expanded to its full 135-ft. diameter in two seconds. Then a rip raced across the silvery skin; almost instantaneously the great balloon tore into shapeless shreds. The pictures were so good that they could be reshowed on household TV sets. Back to the drawing boards went Echo A12's designers. But airborne TV had already told them what had gone wrong: Echo A12 contained too much residual air, which made the balloon expand too violently into the vacuum of space.

Liquid of Life

Ever since astronomers first analyzed the atmosphere of Jupiter and found a blanket of noxious gases thousands of miles thick, most scientists have assumed that the distant planet is devoid of life. But just because earthlings could not live there, says British Amateur Astronomer Axel Firsoff, is no reason to believe that Jupiter is not a populous place. Animals

might well thrive even if their planet is covered with a limpid ocean of cold, liquid ammonia.

Life on earth, Firsoff points out in the British magazine *Discovery*, is based on the reaction of carbon compounds in water solution. But liquid water is not entirely necessary for life. Jupiter is apparently well stocked with ammonia (NH_3), and Firsoff argues that the ammonia would be as satisfactory a solvent as water for supporting life.

"Ammono" chemistry, says the astronomer, is very different from earth's familiar "aquo" chemistry, but there are vital similarities. Both systems produce some well-known compounds, among them the amino acids of which proteins are built. Firsoff is certain that when the first living organisms evolved on earth, the atmosphere above the primeval ocean contained ammonia but no free oxygen. When oxygen accumulated in the atmosphere and ammonia disappeared, life on earth adapted itself to the new conditions. The amino acids that form earth's proteins, says Firsoff, are relics of the prehistoric conditions under which earth life was born.

The digestive systems of modern animals, Firsoff explains, depend on hydrolysis, a process in which proteins, sugars and other compounds are broken down in combination with water. Creatures that have ammonia instead of water in their tissues, would digest food by ammonolysis, i.e., by combining it with ammonia. Instead of oxidizing food to liberate energy as earth's animals do, Jovian animals would combine it with nitrogen, and the final product would be cyanogen (CN)₂, a gas that is violently poisonous to life on earth. "Jovian animals," says Astronomer Firsoff, "could breathe nitrogen and drink liquid ammonia. Whether they do remains to be seen."

Errors in the Air

The Air Force radar operator at Goose Bay, Labrador, last week was watching bright blips drifting across his radarscope as he traced the track of airplanes approaching from Europe. The planes seemed to be scattered all over the sky, sometimes as far as 150 miles off course. Only when the planes came within reach of land radio guidance did the blips slant crabwise back to their proper courses.

The dance of the drifting blips was impressive proof that the problem of long-range aircraft navigation has yet to be licked. The most spectacular new guidance systems still strain to keep up with the swiftest new planes.

Clinging Twilight. The basic navigation tool is still the time-honored sextant, with which a navigator shoots the stars (or planets, sun or moon) to fix his plane's position above the surface of the spinning earth. Sextants have been vastly improved since the days of sailing ships, and a competent navigator can make a fix that is accurate to within ten miles. If weather permits, he takes about five fixes during a transatlantic crossing.

Weather does not always favor the celestial navigator. Far up where modern jets fly (up to 40,000 ft.), heavy clouds are rare, and the brighter celestial bodies generally shine through thin, high cirrus clouds. But at twilight, when the sun drops just under the horizon, there are anxious stretches when a navigator can spot no stars against a bright sky lit from below. If he is heading eastward, he soon flies into darkness, and his guiding stars reappear. But fast jets almost keep pace with the sun, and on westward flights the baffling, starless twilight may last for several hours.

The familiar magnetic compass is another source of trouble; it is unreliable in the northern latitudes near the magnetic pole, and most North Atlantic flights are



"AMMONIA! AMMONIA!"

DRAWING BY R. GROSSMAN, ©1962 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

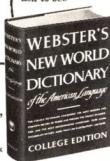


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A modern dictionary is more than just an old work updated. Every entry should be freshly and clearly defined for the age in which we live. Accepted usage should be indicated. Not all dictionaries meet this test. For a modern dictionary at its finest ask to see



close to the top of the world. Gyrocompasses have a different affliction; they drift slowly from their true reading and require continual resetting. An error of 3° is not uncommon. Uncorrected, it can carry a 550-m.p.h. jetliner 28 miles off course in a single hour, slanting the course dangerously close to the track of other planes.

The cockpits of modern jet aircraft now bristle with a host of complicated electronic gadgets that have been designed to give the harried navigator a hand. The most important:

► **VOR** (Very High-Frequency Omni-Range), which requires land-based transmitters, can guide a transatlantic liner for only 150 miles over the ocean. VOR is useful chiefly just after take-off and just before landing.

► **LORAN** (Long-Range Navigation) can give a navigator an accurate, medium-range fix. But despite the promise of its name, LORAN does not reach dependably to the middle of the Atlantic, and strong "atmospherics" (static) can put it out of action.

Radar Wrinkles. The most promising newcomer among aircraft navigation instruments is Doppler radar. The name honors the 19th century Physicist Christian Doppler, who discovered that sound waves transmitted from a moving object change in frequency. This Doppler effect applies equally to radio waves.

Navigation Dopplers shoot three or four slim radar beams downward from an airplane. Reflected from land or sea, the radar pulses from each beam are changed slightly in frequency by the airplane's motion, and complicated computers translate the change into a continuing record of the swift ship's forward progress and sideward drift. Doppler navigation works best over land, where any wrinkle makes a fine radar reflector. It also works well over the sea when the water is roiled by waves. Day or night, it can scan the earth's surface through the densest cloud deck. Military aircraft use Doppler radar extensively since they would not have ground radio guidance near enemy territory. Next summer the U.S. Federal Aviation Agency will station two radar ships in the Atlantic to watch every passing TWA airliner to compare Doppler-guided test track with true course.

But Doppler calculations are subject to cumulative errors that grow larger the longer they go unchecked. During a long series of tests last spring, one-quarter of the aircraft observed flew more than 40 miles away from the positions recorded by their Dopplers. One of them went 70 miles astray. Sometimes the Dopplers failed entirely; often the dual computers of a single Doppler installation gave individual readings many miles apart.

In the vast air room over the North Atlantic navigation errors balance out, and the airlines' safety record has been excellent. But as the transoceanic lanes fill up with more and faster aircraft, both the human navigators and their nonhuman helpers will have to learn how to stay more tightly on their assigned courses.

NEW FLYING EASE WITH AMAZING "AIR CUSHIONED" LANDINGS



PIPER *Cherokee*

Like landing on a pillow! That's how easy it is to fly the completely new 130 mph Piper Cherokee—only low cost, 4-place plane with modern low wing design for better stability, visibility, flying ease.

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PIPER AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
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TO BE THE SOLE SUPPLIER OF FINE WRITING
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Six wars and a beer-drinking steer

During 16 years in the Far East, NBC correspondent Jim Robinson has had to cope with everything from bullets to beer-fed cattle. He's been shot at in six wars, from Manchuria to Laos...survived two plane crashes behind communist lines...been cast adrift 150 miles from land...lost count of the riots he's been mixed up in. But when he isn't dodging bullets or climbing out of plane wrecks, Jim gets a chance to enjoy and report on the quieter and quainter ways of the Orient. Like the steaks the Japanese tenderize on the hoof by feeding their cattle beer and massaging them to music. Or the time a group of Yaos, who had never seen a white man, kept feeling his hair and skin to see if

it was real. ■ As an Asiatic scholar who used to teach at Peiping's Tsinghua University, Jim Robinson has exceptional advantages in finding and assessing the news from his turbulent and mysterious area. Brilliant and battlewise, he is a vital member of the world's largest broadcast news organization. ■ With correspondents like Robinson in 75 countries, spearheading a team of 700 reporters, cameramen, researchers and producers—the most comprehensive in broadcasting—NBC News is superbly equipped to bring you accurate, responsible, up-to-the-minute reporting from every

world news source. This is the kind of reporting that consistently attracts the largest news audiences in television.

It happens on



SHOW BUSINESS

THE STAGE

The Moonlighter

John Houseman, 59, producer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, is paid more than \$100,000 a year, but he moonlights. Often working at his other job until dawn, he drives home to his beach house in the Malibu colony, bathes, shaves, and returns to M-G-M by 9 a.m. For that sort of self-punishment he gets perhaps another \$1,000 per year, but with it comes the satisfaction of shaping one of the most creative organizations in the American theater.

Love & Looting. Houseman's other job is artistic director of Los Angeles' three-year-old Theater Group, which, helped by a Ford Foundation grant and run by the adult education branch of U.C.L.A., presents first-rate stage productions, drawing from an eager pool of movie and television actors. Anxious to get away from the flabby, fragmented routine of working on motion pictures or taping TV shows, the actors are willing to work for Equity minimum just to submit themselves to the sterner discipline of the stage. Robert Ryan starred in the group's *Sodom and Gomorrah*, Nina Foch in *U.S.A.*, Edie Adams and Eileen Heckart in *Mother Courage*. Last week Paula Prentiss and Dan O'Herlihy opened in Houseman's superb new production of *Measure for Measure*, and the group's next production will be the world premiere of a new play based on John Hersey's *The Child Buyer*.

The discipline these actors seek is measured out sternly enough by Director Houseman, whose diffident and quiet manner never quite accompanies him into rehearsals. He is an acerbic, hard-riding actor-jockey, whose casts love him, loathe

him, and respect him. "He slices them off at the ankles," says one of his assistants, "especially the girls." In a rehearsal Nina Foch once made a suggestion about the lighting, and he let her have it: "You're not an electrician," he told her. "You're an actress—I think." Then he had a real electrician play a bilious green light on Foch for an hour.

Shrewd or Safe. Much praised for harboring a high reputation in the theater by committing himself to a university group, Houseman says: "My whole life in show business has been a risk. There are two approaches. Either you play it very shrewd and sit back safely, or you do what amuses you." Born in Bucharest of a French father and a British mother, Houseman was educated in France and England, and worked as a London grain broker before moving to New York and his first area of amusement: Broadway.

With Orson Welles, Houseman formed the Mercury Theater group in 1937, revitalized Broadway with productions like *Julius Caesar* (in modern dress), and, later, *Native Son*. They sent the U.S. into panic in 1938 with the celebrated CBS radio broadcast of *The War of the Worlds*—in which Martians were reported to be landing in Groves Mill, N.J.

He went to Hollywood, and in ten years turned out more than a dozen films; in New York he directed Mary Martin in *Lute Song* and Robert Ryan in *Coriolanus*. Trying television, he produced *Playhouse 90* for two seasons. Most notably, however, he was artistic director of the American Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, Conn., built it from an initial failure into a successful operation in four seasons. He quit in disgust two years ago when the trustees would not let him establish a permanent repertory company.

At M-G-M he is now producing the film version of Irwin Shaw's novel *Two Weeks in Another Town* and will soon do *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*. But his real amusement, risky or not, is the Theater Group at U.C.L.A., which has become so popular that hundreds of people are turned away every night. When Louella Parsons demanded tickets to a recent production, she was turned down. In Hollywood, that is called movie courage.

TELEVISION

The Final Flashbulbs

The great television quiz-show scandal ended quietly last week. Pending for 15 months, the arraignments for the trial of ten erstwhile quiz masters were conducted in a Manhattan court. The great Hank Bloomgardner (\$98,500) was there, and crop-haired Elfrida von Nardoff, whose \$220,500 winnings were the highest of all. But every eye in court was on Charles Lincoln Van Doren, bearer of one of the great names in American letters.

Van Doren pleaded guilty like all the others, and like all the others he was given a suspended sentence (he might have had to spend up to three years in jail). Flashbulbs popped in his face once more, and he retreated to his \$50,000 house on Bleeker Street in Greenwich Village, where he can throw open his French doors and walk in the small world of a semi-private garden. "Charlie doesn't come out very much," says a neighbor.

Instead, he sits in his upstairs study, listening to music and writing. One organization now pays him well for his work but never identifies him as the author.

MOVIES ABROAD

No, But I Saw the Picture

In a winter rain, Italy's Prime Minister Amintore Fanfani picked up a workman's trowel and mortared the cornerstone. The vicegerent of the vicariate of Rome splashed the stone with holy water. Yet all the fanfare was not for some vast new public utility. It was for Movie Producer Dino de Laurentiis and his new \$11 million studio, located on a 750-acre site 13 miles south of Rome. It was official recognition that one of Italy's most vital export industries is its booming movie business, and that the biggest thing in Italy's movies is Dino de Laurentiis.

A one-man heavy industry, De Laurentiis has been pampered by the government with tax concessions and subsidies. His new studios have four immense sound stages, three of which can be combined, by sliding steel doors, into a giant indoor county, complete with pocket oceans for underwater scenes. A sort of Cecil B. DeMille, he recently completed *Barabab* with a cast of 8,000, many of whom are lions. And now he is preparing for the motion picture that will make *Ben-Hur* seem like a minor travelogue, the ultimate, untappable, millennial religious epic—a \$30 million, twelve-hour adaptation of *The Bible*. De Laurentiis will stick with the original title.



DIRECTOR HOUSEMAN ON SET AT U.C.L.A.
Discipline amid amusement.

JULIAN HADDER



PRODUCER DE LAURENTIIS (ON "BARABBAS" SET)
And a King James man in the cutting room.

Adam & Ekberg. "In a certain sense, the Bible is already a screenplay," says De Laurentiis, who has hired British Playwright Christopher Fry to help him prove it. Unnecessary parts—"the *Psalms*, for example"—may be cut. But Noah and Jonah will voyage, the Red Sea will part, and Moses will, of course, once again receive the Ten Commandments. Since De Laurentiis feels that "we can only do this once and it had better be right," he is in constant touch with the Vatican's motion picture office. Also, he does not want *The Bible* to be a Roman Catholic picture, so he plans to consult authorities of the Church of England, leading rabbis, and Dr. Billy Graham. Where differences exist, De Laurentiis will shoot alternate scenes. Hence, in the cutting room at judgment day, the film editors may include a Douay man, a King James man, a Revised Standard splicer, and so on.

Dino de Laurentiis smiles indulgently at such Hollywood efforts as George Stevens' *The Greatest Story Ever Told* (scheduled for production this spring and summer), which will run a scant three hours. *The Bible*, which will go before the cameras next year, will be shown to audiences in three segments, two for the Old Testament, one for the New. Roughly a dozen directors will work on the picture. None are signed yet, but De Laurentiis thinks Federico Fellini (*La Dolce Vita*) might get things off to a rousing start with the Creation. He is saving Ingmar Bergman for the Apocalypse.

With a tradesy eye on his congregation, Dino is going to make the film in English, dubbing it in Italian. Who will the actors be? "Everybody," says Dino. It is easy to imagine Van Johnson munching an apple offered him by Anita Ekberg, Frank Sinatra slinging stones at Jackie Gleason, Claudia Cardinale holding Laurence Olivier's head on a platter. No one has actually been cast yet, but two are all but

certain to appear: Anthony Quinn, who has done some of his best work in De Laurentiis films (*La Strada*), and beautiful, languorous Silvana Mangano, who married Dino soon after she appeared, all youth, legs and bosom, in *Bitter Rice*. They now have four children.

\$54,545 a Word. A middle-sized man behind heavy black glasses, Dino de Laurentiis, 42, is an unlikely figure for the duce of Italian cinema. At 16 he won a scholarship at a motion picture school, ducked out of his family's prosperous spaghetti-making business, and came to Rome. With Dino's success, the whole family has since abandoned spaghetti for films. De Laurentiis served a lighthearted war, demobilized himself as soon as the Americans landed, and went back to making movies with black-market film. In 1953 he and Co-Producer Carlo Ponti (who achieved added fame by marrying Sophia Loren) broke into the U.S. market with a stinker called *Ulysses*. Dino got his first Oscar for *La Strada*, and went on to make a lot of overblown had movies and several good movies, such as *Nights of Cabiria*, for which he got another Oscar. In a non-Shakespearean epic called *The Tempest*, he transformed eleven words of Pushkin ("The rebels rushed up to us and ran into the fortress") into a \$600,000 cavalry charge. He made one bad mistake (at least financially) when he refused to produce Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*. De Laurentiis says that Fellini would not eliminate the murder of two children, and "as a husband and father, I could not make such a picture."

Despite this single failure in judgment, De Laurentiis has made so much money that his personal income now runs about \$10 million a year. And largely because of him, the Italian film industry—which in its first postwar years could barely afford a *Shoeshine*—now looks more like Hollywood than Hollywood itself.

SHAVING HURTS

2 men
in 5

with sensitive
DRY SKIN!

Skin doctors have the answer!

Two men in five agree: shaving makes their skin razor-raw! Skin doctors say, your skin can go dry. That means those tiny oil glands next to every whisker don't feed enough oil into your skin. Without that oil, blades scraping skin makes friction that can burn, chafe, hurt! Answer: replace that skin oil for more shaving comfort!

2 men in 5 need afta

Only Afta among all aftershave lotions offers you its special soothing formulation to help replace nature's skin-lubrication. Concentrated into every drop of Afta are three skin-soothing ingredients plus protection against infection from shaving nicks and cuts. No alcohol in Afta to sting, or dry out skin still more. Instead, only three soothing wonderdrops of Afta a day will help heal razor rawness, comfort your skin, condition it for smoother shaves, protect it against irritation from shaving—yes, and from sun, wind and weather!

GET
afta
and get rid of those shaving irritations!





NOW!

You can stride into the better hotels, summon secretarial help, rent a car in any city, enjoy fine restaurants, shed fatigue in top motels coast to coast, even cable overseas . . . and say "Charge It" with this card. Make it a practice to use your Air Travel Card.

(We've just published a Personal Credit Card Directory. If you don't have a copy by now, ask your favorite airline.)

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS Wall Street Worries

As a judge of economic trends to come, Wall Street has been getting more accurate. After some baffling bloopers in the early postwar, the stock market "called" every recession and recovery since 1948. And since it broadly reflects the money-backed bets of businessmen and the public, some people are getting concerned about its performance in the past six weeks. While the U.S. President and most economists have been predicting that 1962 will rank between a good and a great year for business, the stock market seems to be saying otherwise. In the first four days of trading on the New York Stock Exchange last week, the Dow-Jones index of industrials tumbled more than 15 points to 606.03—making a total drop of nearly 40 points from its alltime high of 734.91 on Dec. 13. At week's end, the market rallied modestly to 700.72.

What is the market saying now?

One More Fling. Last week Wall Street market analysts who have the best record for forecasting recent economic gyrations agreed that the behavior of the Dow-Jones index is decidedly not signaling a recession in the next few months. "What we've been seeing," insists Edmund W. Tabell of Walston & Co., "is more of a correction of a ridiculously high market than an anticipation of a downturn in business." James F. Hughes of Auchincloss, Parker & Redpath is equally certain that "people are getting prematurely bearish. The market has one more fling."

To support his analysis, Hughes points to still another sensitive indicator. "Since 1910," he notes, "every major high in the market has been preceded by a high in the investment holdings of commercial banks,

and every market low by an investment low." The theory is that during an economic expansion, businessmen eagerly seek loans, and banks sell their investments to satisfy the demand. This sops up money from the stock market, sends stock prices down. As loans increase, money gets tighter and expansion slows. But, says Hughes, banks now plan to increase their investments. If that does not lift the market to new highs, "it will be the first time that it has not happened."

Switch in Portfolios. Even so, the experts are choosing their stocks with considerable care. In recent months, they have favored "defensive" issues that tend to advance in tandem with the population growth and the rising standard of living, e.g., food, cosmetics, tobacco, publishing, insurance, utilities and banks. As of last week, the bloom was off most of these rosy issues because prices have skipped far ahead of earnings forecasts. Now the experts are eying the industries that tend to curve along with the business cycle—oils, industrial machinery, rails, chemicals, paper—and which stand to profit if general business activity picks up as anticipated this year.

When will the market peak out and start the plunge that signals a coming recession? Many analysts expect a big dip within a year. Most pessimistic is Alan Greenspan of Townsend-Greenspan, who says: "The peak of the bull market will be in the early spring, or at the latest by midyear." Most optimistic is Edson Gould, partner in Arthur Wiesenberger & Co., who believes the Dow-Jones index may reach 953 before a major downturn. "I expect this market to go on for most of 1962," says he. "If the bull market is over much sooner, it will be one of the shortest rallies in history."

Signs of Rise

Most of the familiar economic indicators last week pointed upward:

- **INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTION** rose in December to a record 115% of the 1957 average, up one point from November and 13 points above last February's recession low.
- **NEW ORDERS** for durable goods, spurred in part by hedge buying of steel against the possibility of a strike in July, climbed to a near-record \$16.4 billion in December. One strong sign of confidence: new orders of durable goods ran well ahead of sales (\$15.8 billion).
- **AUTO SALES** spurted 18% ahead of last year's pace in the first ten days of January. From Oct. 1 through Jan. 10, sales broke the record for the same period set in 1955-56. This month automakers plan to produce 620,000 cars, 50% more than last January.
- **FHA MORTGAGE INSURANCE APPLICATIONS** jumped 9% from November to December, setting a two-year high, and signaling that housing starts (running in December at a disappointing annual rate of 1,264,000) are likely to pick up soon.

LABOR

The Five-Hour Day

Six months ago, at a little-reported meeting, a group of New York labor leaders called for a union—any union—to demand a 20-hour work week. "It was only meant to dramatize the fight for shorter hours," recalls one labor chief. "No one ever thought we'd get a volunteer."

But the call fitted comfortably into the ambitions of Harry Van Arsdale Jr., 56, who is head of Manhattan's Local 3 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers and president of the New



GOULD



GREENSPAN



TRADING LAST WEEK AT THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE'S POST TEN
What was the market saying?



HUGHES



TABELL



UNION CHIEF VAN ARSDALE
No sweat.

York City Central Labor Council. As a top unionist in the nation's biggest city, Harry Van Arsdale could scarcely be disregarded as a possible successor to A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany. But he needed to be more conspicuously known.

Two weeks ago, Van Arsdale demanded a cut from 30 hours to 20 hours in the work week for 9,000 master construction electricians, led them out on strike. He bargained from enviable strength; his electricians could paralyze the city's \$1.25 billion building industry. Last week Van Arsdale's electricians won a basic 25-hour week, shortest in U.S. industry. Actually, they will work 30 hours. But by being paid for five hours a day five days a week on straight time, plus an extra hour a day at time and a half, they will collect \$161.20 a week. Previously, the construction electricians had worked six hours a day plus one required "overtime" hour, earned \$165.

The first employer group to buckle to Van Arsdale's demands was the Greater City Electrical Contractors' Association. Since this group represents 125 contractors who work primarily on city-sponsored construction jobs, the suspicion was widespread that City Hall had privately pressed them to settle. Within hours, the other 475 contractors met the same terms.

The deal, amounting to a 13% hourly wage raise, adds its bit to inflation, and aggravates New York's existing shortage of skilled electricians (as one concession, Van Arsdale agreed to allow 1,000 additional apprentices to be trained). More important, the settlement made Van Arsdale a man to reckon with in the labor movement, breathed new life into U.S. labor's drive to spread the work as a way to counter automation. In this year's most crucial labor negotiations, David J. McDonald promises that his United Steelworkers will make reduced work time "a fighting issue for 1962."

The \$100 Week

Hailing what it called a "milestone," the U.S. Labor Department reported that average weekly wages of factory workers in durable-goods industries (steel, autos, furniture, etc.) rose from \$97.44 in 1960 to \$100.10 during 1961 as a whole. By December the average weekly pay had increased to \$104.

The Institute of Life Insurance cited another statistic to show the changing pattern of U.S. wealth. The richest 5% of the population got 30% of the total U.S. personal income in 1929. In 1959, the institute reported, the top 5% made less than 20% of the total. Result: the other 95% of the nation had \$37 billion more to spend than it would have had by 1929 standards.

The President & the Picket

Thermometers plunged toward zero, and so did labor relations at South Bend's Studebaker-Packard plant, strikebound for three weeks. As pickets huddled to keep warm one day last week, a black Mercedes-Benz picked a path toward the main gate. At the wheel was Studebaker's Hollywood-handsome president, Sherwood Harry Egbert, 41. Pickets closed around his sedan, refused to let Egbert through unless he showed a union pass.

A flying wedge of policemen forced an opening for the Mercedes, and in the melee a picket took a poke at a patrolman and was arrested. Another picket, Glyod Richards, 40, swore out a complaint charging that athletic, 6-ft. 4-in. Egbert had dramatically offered to take on pickets "one at a time." Egbert was taken to a police station on a disorderly conduct charge and freed on \$50 bail. Later he went on television, said that Striker Richards had "made a whole out of a minnow." Egbert was soon receiving telegrams praising him for what he was accused of; but amiable Egbert is proud of getting along with his workers, pops out several times a day to chat with pickets.



STUDEBAKER'S EGBERT BEING BOOKED
No Lark.

Whale or minnow, the incident did not improve South Bend's nerves. Until the current strike, Studebaker-Packard and the United Auto Workers had got along as well as two men struggling to keep a raft afloat in an ocean. In the past seven years, only eight production days had been lost to strikes. The U.A.W. had even accepted lower wages from S.-P. than from the industry's Big Three to help the company survive.

Last November both sides quickly agreed on wages (a 2½% annual raise for three years), but stalled on the issue of "toilet time." S.-P. previously had granted 39 minutes of daily relief and washup time; the U.A.W. wanted 83 minutes. Not only did President Egbert refuse, but he also argued for a cut to 25 minutes to help the company compete against General Motors, Ford and Chrysler, which at present provide 24 minutes of relief time.

Since the union hit the bricks, U.A.W. and S.-P. negotiators have both stood their ground. All this was no Lark to South Bend, whose economy spins around Studebaker-Packard. Also somber were the parting words of Sherwood Egbert as he left for a brief business trip to Europe: "Don't forget, the labor problem is not our only problem."

BUSINESS ABROAD

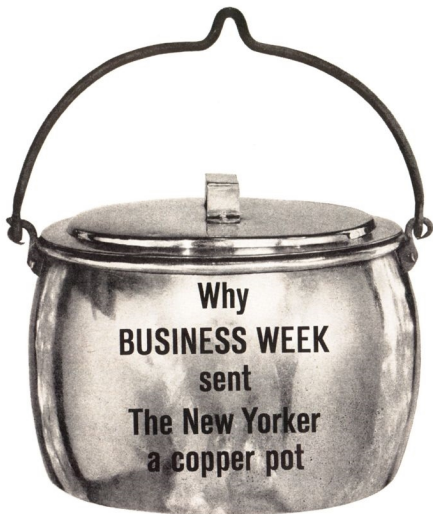
A Battle of Giants

From far off, British business may seem a genteel affair, but not when titans clash. Last week aggressive, research-minded Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd. (annual sales: \$1.6 billion) began the biggest takeover struggle in Britain's history. It broke off coolly polite merger talks with slow-footed Courtaulds, Ltd. (sales: \$481 million). Britain's biggest maker of artificial fibers. Faced with stubborn resistance from Courtaulds' board, which is reluctant to be swallowed up, I.C.I. declared a proxy war, publicly offered to swap \$560 million worth of its stock for all of Courtaulds' outstanding shares.

Mastermind of the takeover attempt is smooth-talking I.C.I. Chairman Stanley Paul Chambers, 57, rated by some as Britain's ablest executive. Defeat would spell a sorry setback for ambitious Chambers, but he obviously counts on winning.

Behind Victorian Walls. I.C.I. for four months secretly wooed Courtaulds before news of the merger negotiations leaked from behind I.C.I.'s massive Victorian walls six weeks ago. Since then talks have followed a tortuous path as the two bargained for advantage.

Last month I.C.I. offered to trade stock worth \$504 million for all the Courtaulds' shares, called that bid "final, final." But Courtaulds' directors objected that the bid undervalued their company. To win stockholder support, Courtaulds reported that its long-sagging sales had surged at the close of 1961, announced that recently reduced dividends would be restored to the regular rate. I.C.I. countered by reporting a rise in its own sales and profits, said a merger would produce a further



**Why
BUSINESS WEEK
sent
The New Yorker
a copper pot**

Recently, we sent The New Yorker a pot in commemoration of the seventh anniversary (copper).

For the seventh year in a row, BUSINESS WEEK and The New Yorker ranked either first or second in *total advertising pages* of all magazines checked by Publisher's Information Bureau.

This year, The New Yorker beat us out for first place. We don't mind too much. Our record of being first or second goes back *eleven* years; why be greedy?

The New Yorker has its audience. We have ours. Obviously, advertisers think they're two of the most important audiences in America. (BUSINESS WEEK solicits subscriptions only from *management men*.)

So Happy Anniversary, New Yorker. We hope you'll send us the pot next year (bronze).

BUSINESS WEEK, A McGraw-Hill Magazine

The leading national magazines and their total pages of advertising in 1961, according to P. I. B.:

1. The New Yorker	5,133	6. U.S. News & World Report	2,427
2. BUSINESS WEEK	4,207	7. Saturday Evening Post	2,071
3. Life	3,158	8. Fortune	1,867
4. Time	2,505	9. Sports Illustrated	1,832
5. Newsweek	2,465	10. Look	1,595

fattening of dividends. When this prospect failed to move Courtaulds' directors, I.C.I. offered to pay \$56 million more for Courtaulds, or about \$6.49 for every Courtaulds share. Last week Courtaulds' directors turned down even that bid, and I.C.I. took it to the public. To Courtaulds' shareholders—who saw the value of their holdings drop almost in half last year and then rebound to \$5.60 after I.C.I.'s opening bid—the offer may well prove irresistible.

If 90% accept the I.C.I. terms, the ensuing takeover will create the tenth largest industrial complex in the world and the second largest outside the U.S.,* with assets of \$3 billion, 162,000 employees in Britain and more than 52,000 abroad. The combined company would control some 25% of Britain's production of paint, more than 50% of its plastic film, and 90% of its output of man-made fibers. Overseas the firm would do business through a maze of satellites in 40 countries, including a \$10 million Courtaulds viscose plant near Mobile, Ala., chemical companies in six South American and twelve Asian countries. Presiding over it all would be I.C.I.'s Chambers, a wine merchant's son who was educated at the London School of Economics.

Nothing Parochial. In the U.S., trust-busters would bar the creation of such a colossus. But Chambers expects no trouble from the easy British antimonopoly laws. He argues that the takeover, which would give I.C.I. a full range of synthetic fibers to compete with its two top foreign rivals, Du Pont and France's Rhone-Poulenc/Rhodiaceta, is primarily designed to sharpen Britain's competitive position in the Common Market. Says Chambers: "We are fighting on a world scale. We cannot be parochial about it."

REAL ESTATE

Spreading Webb

Although best known as half-owner of the New York Yankees, a laconic onetime carpenter named Delbert Eugene Webb, 62, has made most of his millions as a builder of shopping plazas and housing projects, hotels and office skyscrapers from Tampa to San Francisco. Last week Phoenix-based Del Webb took on a job that should dwarf all his others.

In partnership with Humble Oil Co., which is the major U.S. subsidiary of Jersey Standard, the Del E. Webb Corp. will build a new community with an anticipated population of 25,000 on 30,000 acres of Texas rangeland between Houston and Galveston. The two companies expect to spend \$25 million a year for the next 15 years to put up apartments, factories, churches and shopping centers in the shadow of NASA's manned space flight laboratory. Humble will supply better than 50% of the cash and all the land. Webb will furnish the balance of the bankroll and the know-how for the most ambitious land development in Texas history. Said Webb expansively: "We view this as a program which could

mean \$375 to \$500 million in development for the Houston area."

Tidy Package. Wall Street, which ordinarily views grandiose announcements from real estate promoters with a wait-and-see shrug, sent Webb Corp. stock up to \$15 (from \$10 a few months ago). A "package" of Webb stock, warrants and debentures, which was marketed by Wall Street's Lehman Bros. at \$77.75 when the company went public 13 months ago, is now worth \$230.

The rise is due as much to the past performance as to the future prospects of Webb Corp. Webb-built Sun City, Ariz., a palm-lined retirement oasis (TIME, March 10), has attracted 5,100 residents.



WEBB BREAKING GROUND IN SAN DIEGO.
Homes for money; homers for show.

Webb also controls shopping centers in Phoenix and Tucson and owns five hotels, including the blue-chip Sahara in Las Vegas. Last week Webb broke ground for a 200-room oceanside hotel in San Diego; the company is also building office skyscrapers in Albuquerque and Los Angeles. In the first nine months of 1961, Webb Corp. grossed \$45 million.

Handsome Profit. For Del Webb, who holds 46% of Webb Corp. stock, prosperity was slow in coming. Born in Fresno, Calif., he quit high school, became a bush-league pitcher until typhoid fever knocked him off the mound. Webb moved to Phoenix on doctor's orders, took up carpentry. Not until he was in his 40s did Webb get his big opportunity. He formed his own construction company, grew rich during World War II building military bases. After the war, Webb kept

* No kin to Promoter William Zeckendorf's Webb & Knapp.

† With Miss Pacific Beach, Sharon Wetzel.

right on winning Government contracts, also moved into a variety of civilian enterprises, bought a share of the Yankees for "public relations."

Ten years ago, his junior partner, another ex-carpenter named LaVerne Jacobson, now 48, steered Webb into real estate investment. Jacobson had a convincing argument: such investment would provide a fairly steady income to help smooth the peaks and valleys of the volatile construction market. Since then, Webb Corp. has been trading contractor fees for interests in the projects it builds. For example, instead of collecting a \$100,000 construction fee for the Phoenix shopping center, Webb got an equity share that brought in \$80,000 annually for seven years, later was sold for \$1,000,000. Enterprising Del Webb figures that such plump profits will look like peanuts at the baseball game once his Texas-sized land development gets off the ground.

AVIATION

Merger in the Air

Like the ailing railroads, the nation's ailing airlines hope to merge their way out of their difficulties. Last year United merged with Capital; last month money-making Continental agreed to combine with money-losing National. Now the most likely candidate for a corporate marriage is Eastern Air Lines, the nation's third largest. It is in the handholding stage with two other giants—American and Trans World Airlines.

Eastern has plenty of reasons for considering a marriage. Last year it accounted for an estimated \$5,400,000 of the industry's overall loss of \$30 million. By merging, Eastern could pare payrolls, eliminate duplicate ground facilities, and cut the costly competition that on some routes is the prime cause of its losses. Despite its red-ink balance sheet, Eastern offers an attractive dowry: 1) the biggest route system in the eastern U.S., 2) the best on-time performance in the industry, and 3) a savvy president, Malcolm MacIntyre, 53, a lawyer who was brought to Eastern by Big Investor Laurence Rockefeller and has pioneered cut-rate air shuttles to gain more passengers.

On the surface, an Eastern-TWA union seems sensible because TWA's East-West routes could offset seasonal fluctuations on Eastern's North-South runs. But TWA has two heavy handicaps: it lost an estimated \$15 million last year, and it is 78% owned by eccentric Howard Hughes, who, though he was forced by financiers last year to put his stock in trusteeship in return for a loan of \$165 million, can still stir up a lot of turbulence.

More promising are prospects of an Eastern-American hookup, which would allow a money-saving consolidation of ground facilities and maintenance plants in 29 key points already served in common by the two lines. Equally important, American's transcontinental routes mesh nicely into Eastern's system; American is also making money (about \$6,000,000 in 1961). And prideful President C. R. Smith, 62, is well aware that a merger

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SMITH

MACINTYRE

The dowry looks attractive.

would re-establish American as the world's biggest airline—a position it lost when archrival United absorbed Capital.

An Eastern tieup with any big airline would very likely win the blessing of CAB's merger-promoting Chairman Alan Boyd. Under the Federal Aviation Act of 1958, CAB approval gives an airline freedom from antitrust prosecution.

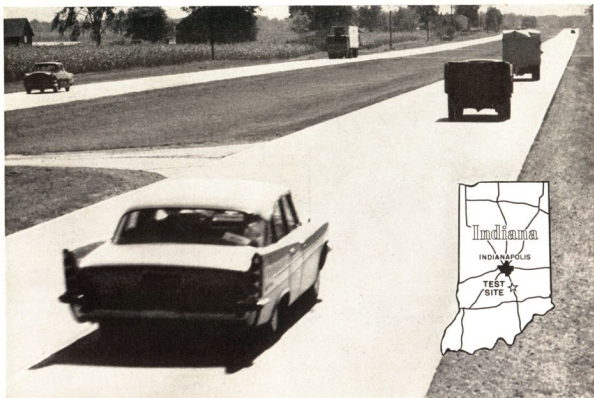
PUBLIC POLICY

Up & Down with Antitrust

On the charge that great banking power is being concentrated in a few hands to the detriment of business and the public, the Justice Department has been particularly eager to prevent several proposed bank mergers. In Chicago and New York City, Bobby Kennedy's trustbusters have puffed into courts in last-minute and futile attempts to block such mergers. Despite their defeats, trustbusters had high hopes of winning a meticulously prepared suit against a Philadelphia bank merger. That merger would create the city's biggest bank, linking the Philadelphia National (now second largest with assets of \$1.2 billion) and the third-ranking Girard Trust Corp Exchange (assets: \$853 million). Together these two banks, said Justice, would be 50% larger than First Pennsylvania Banking & Trust Co., now in first place, and control 37% of Philadelphia's banking business.

Last week the trustbusters got a setback in Philadelphia. Federal District Judge Thomas J. Clary approved the merger. Instead of restraining competition, said he, "the larger bank will be able to compete on better terms with banks of other cities and states that have been draining this area of banking business." (Big Philadelphia companies often have to go to New York or Chicago to find one bank large enough to finance their expansion plans.) Merging banks in other cities can now be expected to cite that opinion.

But the trustbusters salvaged something. In the first court interpretation of the Federal Bank Merger Law of 1960, Judge Clary found that the Justice Department is legally empowered to challenge banking mergers even after the Treasury Department approves them. Treasury has held that its Comptroller of Currency is the final authority. Justice intends to appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court, and the Philadelphia banks will postpone their merger until a final decision comes down.



Indiana Test Road, located south of Indianapolis on U.S. 31. Concrete pavement still rides like new after 8 years of traffic.

On Indiana Test Road ... in both first cost and total upkeep concrete provides big savings over asphalt

Official test road, as ordered by the General Assembly, completes 8 years under traffic. Reports, published as required by law, show concrete outperforming asphalt by a wide margin.

The Indiana Test Road was ordered by the General Assembly to "provide adequate and conclusive tests" of both concrete and asphalt pavements under exacting conditions.

The test site is on U.S. 31, the main Indianapolis-Louisville route. Connecting stretches were paved with concrete (6.7013 mi.) and asphalt (7.1417 mi.)—the respective designs being approved by the portland cement and asphalt associations. In 8 years, traffic on both pavements has been the equivalent of 1,169,000 axle loads averaging 18,000 pounds.

Official results, published by the Indiana State Highway Commission, show savings in initial expense for concrete. The construction cost for concrete was \$2,873.73 per mile less than for asphalt.

Maintenance figures for the first 8 years show the total for the concrete has been only 10.7% that of the asphalt. Concrete: \$38.74 per mile. Asphalt: \$360.67 per mile.

In addition, after only 8 years, the asphalt section was completely resurfaced. The cost: \$37,708.82—or \$5,280.09 per mile. Thus, grand total savings with concrete so far run \$8,475.75 per mile. Impressive economies like these are why concrete is first choice for Interstate and heavy-duty routes.

SUMMARY OF 8-YEAR SAVINGS WITH CONCRETE ON THE INDIANA TEST ROAD

	per mile basis
First cost savings	\$2,873.73
*Total upkeep cost savings	\$5,602.02
Total savings per mile	\$8,475.75

*Actual upkeep cost figures, 1953-1961: surface maintenance for concrete, \$38.74; surface maintenance for asphalt, \$360.67; resurfacing for concrete, \$0.00; resurfacing for asphalt, \$5,280.09.

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Adopted. By Elizabeth Taylor, 29, Oscar-winning (*Butterfield 8*) cinema goddess, and Crooner Eddie Fisher, 33: Maria, a one-year-old orphan; announced in Rome. The couple has been "looking for a baby for about two years." Already living with the Fishers are two children of Miss Taylor's by former Husband Michael Wilding and one by Mike Todd. Fisher has two children of his own who live with ex-Wife Debbie Reynolds.

Died. James Spencer Love, 65, wiry, tireless chairman of Burlington Industries, which he personally spun from a shoe-string into the world's biggest textile maker (1961 sales: \$866 million); of a heart attack while playing tennis; in West Palm Beach, Fla. Son of a Harvard math professor, Love returned from World War I at 23 with a major's oak leaves and \$3,000 in savings, persuaded industry-hungry North Carolinians to bankroll his first textile mill; he pioneered in synthetics and over the years borrowed heavily to buy dozens of companies, often at bargain-basement prices, and became the tough-minded leader of one of the nation's toughest industries.

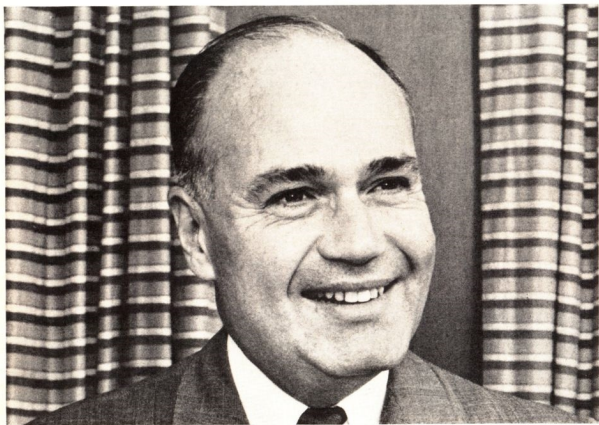
Died. Ivan Mestrovic, 78, intense, Croatian-born sculptor of massive religious works, who in 1947, was honored at Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art with the first one-man show of a living artist in the museum's history; of a stroke; in South Bend, Ind., where he was resident sculptor at the University of Notre Dame. A devoted Yugoslav patriot, Mestrovic was jailed by Fascists during World War II, exiled himself when the Communists took over.

Died. Richard Henry Tawney, 81, influential British economic historian whose books (*Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*, *The Acquisitive Society*, *Equality*) helped shape the thinking of two generations of Labor Party theorists; in London. A descendant of British freeholders who fought for Cromwell and Parliament, he was a passionate believer in equality, turned down an army commission and fought instead as a sergeant in World War I, later spurned a peerage, lived as a gentle, absent-minded professor. He left his intellectual mark on hundreds of workers, whom he ardently taught in night classes, condemning the ethics of capitalism while setting out in righteous contrast the moral principles of a cooperative order.

Died. Dr. Edgar Johnson Goodspeed, 90, genial, imaginative Biblical scholar who in 1923 produced one of the first translations of the New Testament in modern English (*The New Testament: An American Translation*), continued his lifelong crusade to distill clear 20th century meaning from archaic Biblical language with a steady flow of books and essays (*How to Read the Bible*, *A Life of Jesus*); of a stroke; in Los Angeles.

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DALE CARNEGIE

CINEMA

A Fatal Desire to Please

Tender Is the Night (20th Century-Fox) is a good movie that had every reason to be bad. The novel by F. Scott Fitzgerald on which the film is based is a miracle of literary chic; it reads as if written in expensive perfume on the stationery of the Ritz. But literary style can't be photographed, and in other respects the novel is sort of a mess. The plot is often gappy and sometimes sappy; the characters are superficially silly and fundamentally unreal. The intellectual apparatus of the tale—a compendium of cocktail party chatter about psychiatry—is almost pathetic. What's more, in the film the 18-to-29-year-old heroine is played by 42-year-old Jennifer Jones.

These briars, however, have been pruned—or leaped—with resolute skill by a gifted scenarist, Ivan Moffat (*Giant*), and an astute director, Henry King (*The Sun Also Rises*). King faced his biggest problem in Actress Jones, and the problem wasn't only age; in recent films the lady has limited her expressions largely to a toneless hysterical laugh and an alarmingly sick tic. But in *Night* she is well cast as a neurotic, and does her best work in a decade. Moffat for his part firmed up and rounded out the novel's plot and people, and he has diluted Old Fitzgerald with a spritz of psychiatric competence. What emerges in his script with simple clarity is what is true and beautiful in the book: the story, essentially Fitzgerald's own, of a man who makes the always-fatal mistake of pleasing a woman and forgetting to please himself.

The man is Dr. Richard Diver (Jason Robards Jr.), a young American psychiatrist, attached to a clinic in Zurich, who has committed an emotional breach of professional ethics: he has fallen in love with a patient named Nicole (Actress Jones), a charming American girl whose

father has left her several million dollars and a psychosis—the aftermath of an incestuous episode. The head of the clinic (Paul Lukas) urgently warns Robards against the union: "A man cannot be both lover and psychiatrist to the same woman. You cannot be an impossible image of perfection, a god, and a husband too. When she discovers she has married a fallible human being—disaster. Maybe for you too. You start by living life her way. Then slowly you learn to like it. Beware the tyranny of the weak, the tyranny of the sick."

The young doctor tries to use his better judgment, but one night . . . and one night leads to another. They go south on a honeymoon that imperceptibly enlarges through the '20s like a tapeworm steadily devouring the doctor's morale as a man. She demands incessant attention; he gives it—partly for medical reasons, partly from husbandly affection, partly because he is too weak to resist: he has always had "a fatal desire to please." He begins to neglect his work, live on her money, belabor the booze. The tabloids play him up as a "playboy psychiatrist." And strangely, by a species of bloodless transfusion, she gets stronger as he gets weaker. In the end, she breaks her dependency, breaks the marriage, breaks his spirit. She goes on to another marriage. He goes back to a small town in upstate New York.

Like most Hollywood movies these days, *Tender Is the Night* is too long (2 hr., 26 min.). Like the book, it is too slick; the color work, for instance, is lovely, but at times Director King lets scenery overhear significance. But the sense persists that something serious is going on, thanks importantly to Actor Lukas, who gives a remarkably evocative imitation of the Wise Old Man of Zurich, the late Carl Jung; thanks principally to Actor Robards. Robards has all the quick intelligence and liquid charm the author wrote into his hero, but he has something more. He has eyes that loom behind the easy smile and graceful chatter with a strangely disturbing expression, the expression of a dying man who sees quite clearly, as his whole life flashes before his eyes, that it was actually nothing, nothing at all.

Potty Old Party

Murder, She Said (M-G-M). "I'm the new maid." At this apparently innocuous announcement, the lady of the house looks up to smile a welcome. Her jaw drops. In the doorway stands a domestic disaster. The torso suggests a pup tent full of Jell-O, the hair looks like something dumped out of a vacuum cleaner, the chin resembles the business end of an ax, the eyes slide around like eggs on a plate, the tiny mouth might almost be a third nostril. The legs—it somehow comes as a surprise that there are only two of them—look like snaggle paper clips jabbed into erasers, and when they walk the blubber above them wobbles with a



RUTHERFORD IN "MURDER"
A hippopotamic Titania.

slay, sidewise, fidgety motion: the poor thing appears to be fighting down an exceptionally irksome set of drawers.

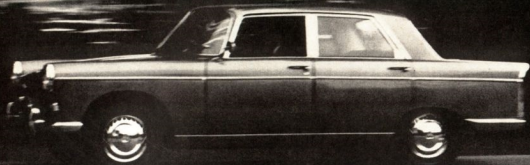
What is it? It is a potty old party, the very model of what the aitch-adding British call a "maiden hunt." It is Comedienne Margaret Rutherford, 60 and still going strong (*Passport to Pinocchio*; *I'm All Right, Jack*), and in this adaptation of an Agatha Christie chiller called *4:50 from Paddington* she has a role that is custom-tailored to her somewhat peculiar measure.

She plays Miss Marple, a sort of dowager-detective who takes the 4:50 train from Paddington Station one afternoon and, happening to glance up from the whodunit she is wolfing, sees a woman being strangled in a passing train. Murder, she says to the police, but they only smile indulgently. Miss Marple gets her back up. "If you think I am going to sit back," she bellows, "and let everybody regard me as a dotty old maid, you are very much mistaken!"

Whereupon the indomitable frump hauls on her baggy tweeds, takes up her trusty golf clubs ("Must keep fit, you know"), and stomps forth to see justice done. In the process, she takes a position as maid-of-all-work in Ackenthorpe Hall, a grim old grange about an hour from London, where she not only discovers the strangled woman's body in the Egyptian sarcophagus—the one that every English country house is fitted out with—but even grubs up two more fine fresh stiff. And of course in the end the old bag bags the killer. Best shot: Actress Rutherford stuffed in a French maid's uniform (black bombazine with a white lace apron tied at the back in a pretty little winglike bow) and looking for all the world like a hippopotamus trying to play Titania.



JONES & ROBARDS IN "NIGHT"
A bloodless transfusion.



Is this the \$6000 _____? ⁽¹⁾

It's styled by a famous Italian designer. It has solid unit body construction. It features reclining seats (pull-down back-seat arm rest). It has a silent, effortless, four forward speed synchromesh gear shift (on the steering column). It's powered by an overhead valve engine, with aluminum head. It cruises at 80. It seats five adults (four wide doors). It has heater-defroster, windshield washers, electric wipers, electric clock. It has turn indicators, trip mileage counter, padded visors. It has wrap-around bumpers, stainless steel exterior trim. It rides on rally-famous Michelin X tires.

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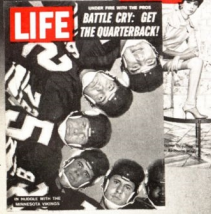
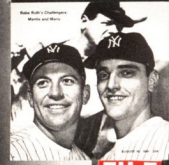
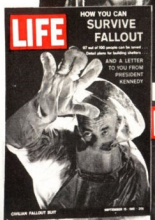
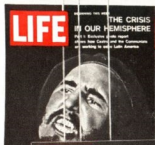
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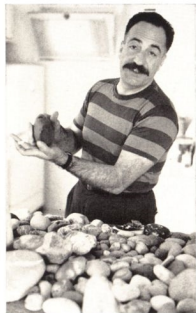


BOOKS

Proud to Be Great

HERE COMES THERE GOES YOU KNOW WHO (273 pp.)—William Saroyan—Simon & Schuster (\$5.95).

In the early 1930s, Americans were being saturated with "tough" writing: Studs Lonigan swaggered the streets of Chicago, Hemingway's bulls and men met with grace under pressure, Popeye had his will of Temple Drake, and Erskine Caldwell's degenerates roistered on Tobacco Road. Upon all this hardness, rawness and ache, a volume of stories descended almost like a balm in 1934: *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze*, by a young man of 26, William Saroyan. The book was a mixture of love and pity and humor; pity and humor for everyone, especially bums and prostitutes, and love for life, no matter how preposterous. If it was writing that perhaps lacked bite, at least it did not gnash its teeth; if the prose was not exactly muscular, it had



THOMAS HOLLMAN—PHOTO RESEARCHERS, INC.

SAROYAN

Great lover; petty hater.

plenty of heart, and the heart, as everyone knows, is an involuntary muscle which cannot (and need not) be flexed.

Since 1934, Saroyan has turned out generous quantities of short stories, novels, and at least one distinguished play (*The Time of Your Life*). At his best, when dealing with small boys, Armenian Americans, and poets without portfolio, he has won himself a modest but lasting place in our literature; at his worst, whenever he gets involved in *Issues* or *Ideas* (both with capital *I*'s), he falls flatter than *Bahgh-arch*, the Armenian flat bread. There is a third capitalized *I* that has proved fatal to Saroyan: the plain, unsimple *I* of his boundless ego.

It is this and his considerable tax debt that are responsible for Saroyan's new book, *Here Comes There Goes You Know Who*, which the publishers hopefully label "an autobiography," but which belongs to a genre somewhere in between Bulfinch and Paul Bunyan (the latter, judging by the final -*yan*, perhaps also of Armenian extraction).

Arrival of Myself. The book consists of 52 vignettes, a number that may have dual significance: it was the author's age at the time of writing and the pieces could be taken as Dr. Saroyan's Sunday sermons for the new year. The writing, at any rate, is that of a Sunday writer, but one who can do a fairly good take-off on William Saroyan, improving on his original by means of a slight admixture of avant-garde spice.

The result is apt to read like this: "I began a moment ago by implying there was something to say, something to be said, something to *have* said after half a century since the arrival of memory in my life, since the arrival therefore of myself into it. I have tried to say, I have meant to say, I have believed I might say, but I know I haven't said, and while it doesn't trouble me, or at any rate not violently, as it would have troubled me thirty-five years ago when I wanted to say everything in one swift inevitable book it also doesn't please me, and I feel that I must try again."

The vignettes ramble through Saroyan's life in no particular order, but they tend to bunch up at both ends, thus dealing mostly with his childhood and puberty and the present, *i.e.*, his early 50s. Running through them all are those two great mythic figures, The Tax Collector and William Saroyan The Universal Genius. "My plays are the human race. And most of the plays of the other playwrights aren't." "My own [writing] which nobody's writing will outlive . . . will be discovered again and again. It will speak . . . as long as any writing speaks to anybody." "To sum up, I am great, and I am proud to be great. It is quite a responsibility."

The Great Lover. Here and there, a bit of the old good Saroyan peeps through. In a lengthy meditation on the personality of numbers: "3,000 hasn't got that little extra something that is the difference between a great piano player like Richter, for instance, and a poor piano player like my cousin Hoosik, who is actually a lawyer." Or: "You are never under any circumstance to speak discourteously to your mother, as that is not only un-American, it is un-Chinese." But the old, pure, wonderfully hammy love for all humanity is lacking. And there is a new note of peevishness. Herewith, a list, probably incomplete, of Saroyan's pet hates: actors, Sherwood Anderson (in his later years), bankers, Bernard Baruch, bestsellers, great men, school principals, insurance policyholders, lawyers, Mount Rushmore, New Yorkers, playwrights (Saroyan excluded), psychiatrists, Shakespeare (not

altogether), Shaw (ditto), tapioca, teachers, the world.

There are, of course, those (Saroyan included) who will remind any detractors what a great lover of humanity Saroyan is, all the same. One thing is certain: with a lover like this, humanity needs no enemy.

Skits & Schizophrenia

CAPTAIN NEWMAN, M.D. (331 pp.)—Leo Rosten—Harper (\$4.95).

H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N, the hero of a series of *New Yorker* stories by Leo Rosten, was a bemused Jewish immigrant who thought the discoverer of the laws of gravity was Isaac Newton.



BEN MARTIN

ROSTEN

Plausible heroes, improbable comics.

Now Rosten has published a novel. Its hero is a World War II Air Corps doctor whose name is Newman and, according to one of his peers, "he acts as if it were Newton." Or perhaps just N*E*W*M*A*N. At any rate, he is brilliant, engaging, confident, commanding, twice the size of life, and certainly the most revved-up psychiatrist who ever helped a patient recover from the terrors of the wild blue yonder.

In the background is the southwestern American desert and a training base for fighter pilots and gunners. In the foreground is a section of the base hospital called Ward 7, known to the top brass as Sunnybrook Farm and to its inmates as Psycho Beach. There Captain Josiah J. Newman, M.D., fights his war against "everything from tics to combat fatigue," depending chiefly on his own central intelligence and flak-joke (Pentothal Sodium) as his principal weapons.

Roberts & Nostradamus. The book is actually a collection of related short stories. The best of them are case histories of shattered men, skillfully underwritten but developing clues with all the suspense of detective fiction, moving toward the

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revelation of a "forgotten" experience. Under Pentothal, a waist-gunner tells Newman how he survived a B-24 crash in North Africa. In the wreckage he stumbled across the other waist-gunner—headless. As he ran from the burning plane he heard the pilot, his buddy, calling him by name for help. The plane then exploded.

Another patient, a ball-turret gunner, was trapped in the turret after his plane was shot up. Several of his bones were broken. Highly flammable oil began to seep into the turret. The boy screamed until the oil reached his lower lip. When the pilot ditched the plane, the ball turret was knocked off, the gunner somehow survived, but his mind was gone. Receiving these cases back in Ward 7, generally knowing little more about them than their names, ranks and serial numbers, Captain Newman approaches them with godly insight, and somehow Rosten manages to suggest with plausibility that his psychiatric hero is three-quarters Mr. Roberts and one-quarter Nostradamus.

Cute Appendicitis. Unfortunately, Rosten alternates his serious chapters with scenes of pure situation comedy, belabored with literary vaudeville. The contrast with the scenes of death and suffering is ludicrous. A story that ends in suicide, for example, is immediately followed by one in which half the officers on the post, full of booze, jump into the officers' club pool in pursuit of a flock of ducks. In another episode, sheep get loose on the main runway when a plane carrying the Under Secretary of War for Air is about to land. There is a private from Alabama who thinks "t'ain't fit for a grown man" to make his own bed, so his sergeant ends up making it for him.

Apparently intending these adornments to offset his central theme and prove that life has at least two sides, Author Rosten has ended up with a novel that suffers from cute appendicitis. *Captain Newman, M.D.*, is really two books, intertwined like medicine's caduceus, at its best considerably better than *The Snake Pit*, at its worst a fun-house chortle hollowly echoing *See Here, Private Hargrove*.

Bestseller Revisited

MY LIFE IN COURT (524 pp.)—Louis Nizer—Doubleday (\$5.95).

Nudist. War profiteer. Absentee war correspondent. Liar. Fourflusher. Sycophant. Coat holder.

On Dec. 12, 1949 terrible-tempered Columnist Westbrook Pegler fired off these charges against his onetime friend Author-Journalist Quentin Reynolds, in a tirade printed in 186 newspapers read by 12 million people. Reynolds retained Manhattan Attorney Louis Nizer to press charges for libel. Five years later, the case finally came to trial. Nizer forced Pegler to admit that he had once written that "it was all right to create fiction about a real person, because if you do it several years after it happens, nobody will know the difference anyhow." During the pretrial examinations, he read Pegler passages from unnamed authors. "Com-



NIZER
The ego keeps rising.

munist line!" roared Pegler. Nizer revealed at the trial that the excerpts were vintage Pegler. After a twelve-hour deliberation, the jury finally awarded Reynolds a settlement of \$175,001.

How to Discomfort. The Reynolds verdict is only one of the legal triumphs savored by Author Nizer in *My Life in Court*. A sort of East Coast version of the late Jerry Giesler (*TIME*, Jan. 12), Nizer won a whopping settlement for Eleanor Holm in her divorce action against Billy Rose, represented Bobo Rockefeller when she divorced Winthrop Rockefeller, proved that Charlie Chaplin had plagiarized the idea for *The Great Dictator* from Author Konrad Bercovici, masterminded Loew's, Incorporated's battle to prevent its takeover by deposed M-G-M Boss Louis B. Mayer.

Nizer has filled his book with courtroom strategy and insight. In a divorce case, a wife's plea for low alimony and a large property settlement generally means that she intends to remarry as soon as she gets her loot. Conversely, a demand for high alimony suggests that she has no immediate marriage prospects. Like the late Senator Joseph McCarthy, Nizer also favors waving a manila envelope full of "documents" to discomfort witnesses during cross-examination; the envelope is often empty. During direct examination of his client, he says, a good lawyer will stand at the far end of the jury box so that the jurors can focus their attention on the witness without having their attention distracted or their view obstructed by counsel. But in cross-examination of a hostile witness, the lawyer will move close to the witness stand so the jury can closely watch every reaction in the duel between two adversaries. During cross-examination, the witness should be held under tight rein and not be given an opportunity to tender more than yes or no answers. It is the sign of a bad cross-

examiner, says Nizer, if he must ask "Why?" or "Will you explain that?"

Side of Angels. For all the book's courtroom lore and legal pyrotechnics, it also has one theme that is something of a bore: Louis Nizer. Often he seems only an ego with a law degree. He reduces cases to a contest between good guys and bad guys—with Nizer invariably on the side of the angels.

Nizer's celebration of his own triumphs (his defeats go unrecorded) has been high on the bestseller lists for weeks running. Apparently, not even a colossal ego can make courtroom drama uninteresting. Though Nizer very nearly pulls off the trick, the material triumphs over the author.

Greene Grow the Authors

THE TEMPTER (225 pp.)—Anthony Bloomfield—Scribner (\$3.95).

Graham Greene discovered in *Brighton Rock* (1938) that a thriller's format and a dose of Kraft-Ebing can lure usually unreflective readers into a brush with the profound issues of guilt and redemption. To a steady procession of writers—all of them willing to be thought deep—the formula has seemed good enough to copy. The latest imitator, and one of the ablest, is Anthony Bloomfield, novelist and BBC scriptwriter. His imitation is not slavish, since his weighing-up produces rather different totals than the master's. But setting, characters, mood and action are all attentively derivative.

Corruption & Cure. The title figure and unlikely hero of Bloomfield's parable is a maker and seller of pornographic books and pictures, whose name is Samuels, or

perhaps Samson, as is noted in files of the London police. The uncertainty reflects the book's focal paradox: Sammael is the angel of death, but Samson, as the author explains (stoutly refusing to allow himself the joys of obscurantism) means "of the sun, solar." The bookseller is subverter, protector, panderer and priest to a group of curious cripples—Julius, his bloodless, asexual young assistant; Louise, a housewife whose husband thinks her job is honest modeling; Bert, a cheerful, muscled vacuum; Veronica, a faintly mad Soho drifter; and Bateman, a policeman. Louise, Bert and Veronica pose for the pornographic pictures, and Bateman, assigned by headquarters to investigate the bookstore, shifts allegiance and becomes the cameraman. Each is held to the bookseller by his hurts, but each, unexpectedly, is strengthened more than corrupted. Julius approaches self-knowledge; Louise is subtly encouraged to face marriage and raise a family; Veronica's grasp of reality is strengthened; Bateman, numbed by an early divorce, comes to life again in an affair with Veronica.

Frightful Morality. The grotesque group therapy of the pornographer prompts the author to quote a passage from Mann's *Doctor Faustus*: "We only release, only set free. We let the lameness and self-consciousness, the chaste scruples and doubts go to the Devil." For Devil, Bloomfield adds thoughtfully, "read, if you like, 'Mr. Samson.'" Yet who is Samson? The bookseller shrouds himself in dialectic and mockery. He rails against society, and conjectures with an unreadable expression that in the "groans of disgust or cynical obscenities" uttered by buyers of his pornography, "one can hear the cry of man seeking a lost paradise." Does the Tempter hope to ensnare man or set him free?

The novel ends with a clear parallel to the Crucifixion. A corrupt, muckraking newspaperman (a stock figure so frequently employed in British fiction that he pops onstage, lines already learned, before the author has finished introducing him) threatens the pornographers, and the bookseller accepts the collective guilt of his healed cripples and goes to prison for them. Rather unnecessarily, Bloomfield has one of his characters point out the symbolism. Samson, then, is saviour, after all, and his gospel is a passage from Albert Camus: "I hate virtue that is only smugness; I hate the frightful morality of the world, and I hate it because it ends, just like absolute cynicism, in demoralizing men and keeping them from running their own lives with their own just measures of meanness and magnificence."

Bloomfield's novel, which despite its ostensible subject matter is not the least pornographic, leaves its readers impressed but dissatisfied. The author has stated intelligently the case against goodness gone rancid. But too often the moving finger, having writ, fails to move on; instead, it remains bonily pointing out a moral or explicating a word derivation. Some of this is helpful, but the reader is spared the invigorating effort and delight of discovery.



(SEE BACK COVER)

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BLOOMFIELD

The finger keeps pointing.

TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

A View from the Bridge. Playwright Arthur Miller's attempt to find Greek tragedy in cold-water Flatbush makes about as much sense as building a brownstone Parthenon, but Director Sidney Lumet has filmed the play with pace and intelligence, and Actor Raf Vallone, as the stevedore-hero, has the brute force of a cargo hook.

A Majority of One. A pleasant geriatric romance between a middle-aged Japanese textile tycoon (Alec Guinness) and a nice Jewish widow (Rosalind Russell) from New York City, with Lower-East-Side dishes of Jewish humor.

The Second Time Around. Debbie Reynolds plumes herself with horsefeathers in a comedy western that, saving her presence, would have been just one more prairie dog.

Mysterious Island. A fizzy reinflection of Jules Verne's gasbag thriller.

The Innocents. This psychiatric chiller, based on *The Turn of the Screw*, owes as much to Sigmund Freud as it does to Henry James, but the photography is wonderfully spooky and the heroine (Deborah Kerr) exquisitely kooky.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. The best puppet picture ever made: a feature-length version of Shakespeare's play put together by Czechoslovakia's Jiri Trnka, the Walt Disney of the Communist bloc.

El Cid. The Spanish Lancelot, hero of the wars against the Moors, is celebrated in the year's best superspectacle.

One, Two, Three. Director Billy Wilder employs contemporary Berlin as location for a Coca-Colonial comedy of bad manners that relentlessly maintains the pace that refreshes.

Throne of Blood. Director Akira (Rashomon) Kurosawa's grand, barbaric Japanization of *Macbeth* is probably the most original and vital attempt ever made to translate Shakespeare to the screen.

The Five-Day Lover. France's Philippe de Broca has directed a gay-grim comedy of intersecting triangles in which the participants suddenly discover that the dance of life is also the dance of death.

TELEVISION

Wed., Jan. 24

The Bob Hope Show (NBC, 9-10 p.m.).* Highlights of Hope's Christmas-time tour to entertain servicemen in the North Atlantic, with Jayne Mansfield, Jerry Colonna.

Our Man in Vienna (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Newsman David Brinkley takes a close look at the landmarks, life and people of Vienna.

Fri., Jan. 26

Continental Classroom (NBC, 6:30-7 a.m.). Telford Taylor, lawyer, writer, and a U.S. representative at the Nürnberg trials, speaks on American Government.

The Dinah Shore Show (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Guests are Steve Allen and Audrey Meadows, Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy, Yves Montand, Color.

Eyewitness to History (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m.). The week's top news story covered by CBS correspondents around the globe.

* All times E.S.T.

Sat., Jan. 27

Accent (CBS, 1:30-2 p.m.). John C. Ardi, Oliver LaFarge, discuss American Indians in today's civilization.

Professional Bowlers' Tour (ABC, 4:30-6 p.m.). A field of 192 leading pro keggers shoots for \$5,000 stakes in the Albany Open.

Sun., Jan. 28

The NBC Opera Company (NBC, 2:30-5 p.m.). A repeat of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, starring Leontyne Price and Cesare Siepi, with Peter Adler conducting.

Walt Disney (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Part 2 of "Sancho, the Homing Steer" tells the exploits of a Texas longhorn that left a cattle drive to travel 1,200 miles back home on its own. Color.

G.E. Theatre (CBS, 9-9:30 p.m.). Irene Dunne as a widow who runs for political office in "Go Fight City Hall."

NBC White Paper (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). An analysis of the problem of welfare aid, focusing on the rebellious city of Newburgh, N.Y.

Mon., Jan. 29

Expedition (ABC, 7-7:30 p.m.). A trip to the Roraima plateau in South America, inspiration for Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's *The Lost World*.

Hennessy (CBS, 10:10-30 p.m.). Sammy Davis Jr. in an episode about the misadventures of a Navy frogman aboard a submarine.

Tues., Jan. 30

The Dick Powell Show (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Host Powell in a drama about the U.S. Air Force in World War II.

Bell & Howell Close-Up (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). A special documentary on the subject of Christian unity.

THEATER

On Broadway

The Night of the Iguana, by Tennessee Williams, makes a tethered lizard a symbol of the condition of man, while above it, on a Mexican veranda, Bette Davis, Patrick O'Neal and Margaret Leighton tug with poetic fury at fetters of mind, body and spirit.

Ross, by Terence Rattigan, shadows the elusive psyche of T. E. Lawrence. As the hero, Actor John Mills makes a stately script shine.

A Man for All Seasons, by Robert Bolt. Rarely has the problem of duty v. conscience been posed with more precision of language and lucidity of thought. In Actor Paul Scofield, the hero Sir Thomas More is reincarnated.

Gideon, by Paddy Chayefsky, takes a large theme, the relationship of God and Man, and treats it with more humor than awe, but the performances of Fredric March and Douglas Campbell are full of fire and brimstone.

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying is a secret that Actor Robert Morse exuberantly shares with the audience in his great, grinning rush to the top of the corporate heap.

The Caretaker, by Harold Pinter, infuses two brothers and a verminous bum with ripples of humor, glints of malice, and a passionate regard and disregard for one another's common humanity.

Off Broadway

Brecht on Brecht is an arresting two hours with the late great German playwright, a sort of literary and dramatic review composed of selections from his poems, letters, songs, plays and aphorisms, acted out with selfless intensity.

Misalliance, by George Bernard Shaw, G.B.S. was a teetotaler, but he could always get intoxicated on ideas. A splendid cast makes this 1910 binge infectiously amusing.

BOOKS

Best Reading

The End of the Battle, by Evelyn Waugh. The crisply written but melancholy-minded third volume of a trilogy about Britain in Waughtime—an obsolete, upper-class way of life and death that began to turn grey for Author Waugh and his hero when the Russians became Britain's allies.

Sylvia, by Vercors. In a clever reworking of the woman-into-fox fable, French Novelist Vercors investigates the nature of man and man's will in a way that is moralistic but never sententious.

The Papers of Alexander Hamilton (Volumes I & II), edited by Harold C. Syrett and Jacob E. Cooke. These first installments of a proposed 20-volume collection, which follow Hamilton through his 27th year, show something other than the bloodless autocrat of popular fancy; Hamilton was, as his eloquent letters prove, a man of passion and conviction.

The Burning Brand and The House on the Hill, both by Cesare Pavese. Respectively, a gloomy, brilliant private diary and a dour novel of Italy in World War II by a gifted Italian man of letters who killed himself for reasons he explained painfully in the journal.

But Not in Shame, by John Toland. The first half year of the Pacific war, one of the most discouraging periods in U.S. history, is vividly chronicled by a knowing historian.

Assembly, by John O'Hara. The laureate of upper-middle-class Easterners ranges ably across the old home pastures and sometimes jumps the fence into other pastures in 26 short stories.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Frammy and Zooney**, Salinger (1, last week)
2. **The Agony and the Ecstasy**, Stone (2)
3. **Chairman of the Board**, Streeter (7)
4. **To Kill a Mockingbird**, Lee (4)
5. **Daughter of Silence**, West (5)
6. **Little Me**, Dennis (3)
7. **A Prologue to Love**, Caldwell (8)
8. **Spirit Lake**, Kantor (7)
9. **The Carpetbaggers**, Robbins (9)
10. **The Incredible Journey**, Burnford

NONFICTION

1. **My Life in Court**, Nizer (1)
2. **The Making of the President 1960**, White (2)
3. **My Sabre Is Bent**, Paar (8)
4. **Living Free**, Adamson (3)
5. **The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich**, Shriver (6)
6. **A Nation of Sheep**, Lederer (4)
7. **The Coming Fury**, Catton (5)
8. **I Should Have Kissed Her More**, King (9)
9. **PT 109**, Donovan
10. **The New English Bible** (7)



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